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The Week

IT would be idle to deny the profound gravity of the Italian situation. The Germans have won one of the great victories of the war with tremendous speed, and apparently at slight cost. Throwing their whole weight on the weakest spot in the Italian line, they have more than won back much of the territory conquered by the Italians since August, 1916. In five days they have obtained control of a district it cost the Italians perhaps half a million men to take during a period of sixteen months. Although the Italian War Office has withdrawn its charge of cowardice against its second army, there is something radically wrong when one considers the magnificent defensive character of the country the Germans have just swept over. But even if the Italian army is holding its *morale*, it is a grave question whether it can now stop the German offensive until it is well into the Venetian plains, where we may see old-fashioned fighting in the open, as was the case in Rumania. Particularly serious is the loss of guns; if 600 are taken, this is irreparable, when it is considered that in response to a request for 1,000 guns Great Britain, it is reported, was able to supply only forty. How reinforcements can be rushed to Cadorna in time it is not easy to see. But one thing is certain: if Mackensen continues his drive it will have a far-reaching effect upon the entire Allied strategy and necessitate, it would seem, an immediate assault all along the western line.

FROM every point of view this German victory is utterly deplorable. It can only have the effect of hampering the reform movement in Germany, of stiffening the Junker, and, therefore, of prolonging the war. That it is another desperate move by Berlin with a view to forcing peace by subjecting Italy to the treatment given to Servia and Rumania, is obvious. What the effect will be upon Italy will be watched with the greatest anxiety, for there is no denying the fact that internal conditions have been anything but satisfactory. Lack of coal, lack of food, and war weariness have greatly swollen not only the Socialist forces, but the republican movement as well. Even if the Germans are checked to-day, the gravity of this disaster must profoundly affect political conditions in Italy and public opinion everywhere. Telegraphing on Monday, the New York *Tribune's* London correspondent declared that "believers in a military decision are not increasing in number" there. The best thing to be hoped for is that this German offensive will soon spend its strength, precisely as the Riga offensive came to an end of its own weight and is now ending in a retirement, precisely as the naval offensive at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland seems to have come to a stop or been checked by the Russian fleet's brave defence of its own waters, and precisely as Mackensen was not able to make his conquest of the Rumanian army complete.

THE attitude of the A B C republics towards Germany still remains something of a puzzle. Brazil has just declared war because of fresh submarine outrages. A certain school of observers, more ingenious than sound, maintains that such action, coupled with real military preparations, must force Argentina and Chili to follow suit. The reason given is rather curious. Although the three republics entered into an arrangement for disarmament some years ago, the era of good feeling which was hoped for among them did not, it is said, result. Chili has taken umbrage because Argentina built a railway through the Andes connecting northern Argentine territory with Bolivia and Peru. These are Chili's enemies on account of their lost nitrate provinces. Chili felt that she had been economically and strategically outflanked, and was therefore driven into a sort of defensive *entente* with Brazil. So, if Brazil takes up arms, even though only against Germany, Argentina will have to arm also. But this she can only do, in view of the disarmament treaties, if she also declares against Germany, and so justifies her military preparations. After that, Chili, in self-defence, may have to follow suit. This sounds like a very pretty pro-German dream.

THE condition of unstable equilibrium at Paris has been terminated with the departure of Alexandre Ribot from the Foreign Office. The Painlevé Cabinet may now be expected to hold out for some time to come, since it is not to be supposed that, after resigning, it would proceed to buckle on the harness again without assurances that the steadfast opposition it has encountered from the first will quiet down. That opposition took the very curious aspect of formal votes of confidence by substantial majorities, coupled with a policy of unceasing criticism which showed that there was no such confidence. Undoubtedly, Ribot was the bone of contention. What was the underlying grievance against him we can only guess. It could not be his firm declaration about Alsace-Lorraine, since Painlevé has reiterated the nation's resolve that the lost provinces shall not be a subject of debate, and a recent declaration of Socialist sentiment takes the same position. We may suppose that Ribot has been charged with being party to war aims going beyond the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, and that his removal has been demanded by the Opposition as essential before the assembling of the Allied conference at Paris.

PRESIDENT WILSON, by his appeal on Monday, indicates that it is definitely decided to continue forwarding relief moneys to Turkey for starving Armenia and Syria. Latest reports from returning missionaries paint the situation in these two provinces in such terrible colors that all lesser considerations which have caused the Administration to hesitate in this matter must be thrust aside. That part of the population of Turkey which the fanatical Turks themselves would gladly see perish, the Armenians, the Arabs, and the Jews, is, as a matter of fact, actually perishing. Figures mean little in this colossal nightmare of a war. To say that two million people are starving; that in the Lebanon alone more than 150,000 have perished of starvation and disease; that in Palestine the population of Jeru-

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salem has fallen by over one-third since the war's beginning from the same causes, means perhaps very little to the horror-jaded mind. But to have seen the naked children lying out in the cold and rain of the garbage-strewn streets of Beirut, crying out for a crust of bread, till even the Turkish officials could not bear it any longer and appealed to the American Ambassador to send help; to have seen the thousands of deported Armenians, mostly women and children, literally rotting to death on the banks of the Euphrates, these were sights never to be forgotten by those that beheld them. Reports of these things should make a direct and urgent appeal to American generosity.

THE submarine report from the British Admiralty on last Thursday is bad in itself and disconcerting for the steady increase it reveals of U-boat effectiveness during the last few weeks. Seventeen large British ships lost bring us close to the average of all but the very worst weeks of the submarine campaign. We referred recently to the reduction of marine insurance rates as offering gratifying testimony by those who ought to know on the controverted point whether winter weather and shortening days are good or bad for anti-submarine operations. The record of the last four weeks would tend to show that storm and dark are a help to the U-boat. It is still true that the submarine campaign as a whole, measured by Tirpitz's pretensions, is a failure, but it is obvious that the approach of winter imposes a heavy task on the Allied patrol—our own ships among them.

NEVER have Ireland and the British Government stood in greater need of the highest wisdom and the firmest self-control than at the present moment. Precisely when from all sources testimony comes forth to the ultimate success of the Convention, there loom upon the horizon the twin spectres of popular violence and Government coercion. It has been said that the very promise of success in the Convention, the imminence of a scheme combining self-government and Irish unity with the maintenance of the Imperial connection, has stimulated Sinn Fein energy. The revolutionary temper must be brought to the explosion point lest it cool under the breath of sane compromise. But, unfortunately, Sinn Fein activity finds something of an excuse in the Government's measures for the repression of alleged seditious activities. It is the classic Irish dilemma. Shall the Government pursue a policy of sanguine forbearance? That policy under Augustine Birrell facilitated the Easter insurrection of 1916. Even the most well-meaning of Governments might be tempted to believe that only a few weeks of firm control are justified, until the work of the Convention is given to the world. Yet as the strong hand comes down the ancient passions flare up higher. In this dilemma it would seem to be the wisest thing for the Government to give the most definite assurances it can muster of the approaching successful termination of the Convention's labors. If that body itself, for example, were to issue a preliminary appeal to the Irish people, calling upon it not to frustrate the hope of generations on the very threshold of success, the response might easily be such as to weaken at the same time the forces of insurrection and coercion.

THE Convention of Small Nations, meeting in New York, has, as was to be expected, ended in a smash-up. Aside from the perfectly inevitable accusations on all sides of pro-Germanism, the result could not have been otherwise. A mere Homeric catalogue of names would be enough to prove the hopelessness of arriving at any conclusions in such a conference. Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, Armenia, Servia, Greece, Finland, Bohemia, Syria, Assyria, Catalonia, Wales, Scotland, India, Schleswig-Holstein, Poland, Ireland, Arabia, Abyssinia, China, Angora, are the names of a few of the little nations which were or should have been represented at the convention if it was to be at all representative. But the long list gives fair notice to the world of some of the complexities to be faced when the final peace day comes. Colonel House and his assistants may be said to have their work cut out for them if they expect to come to the peace table with a ready-made solution for every nationalist problem. The final formula, of "love each other," found by a contemporary novelist as the cure for all problems, will not be sufficient. The wisdom of the serpent will scarcely meet all the demands of the occasion.

THE report of the Royal Commission on Sugar, just published in England, ought to be of considerable interest to Mr. Hoover and his aides. The English commission was appointed in August, 1914, to take charge of virtually all the United Kingdom's sugar trade. It took over the entire sugar imports, raw and refined; in this way it obtained control of the whole supply and was able to force the English refiners to cut profits down to a pre-war basis, and brokers and wholesalers to be satisfied with minimal gains. Retail prices were kept in hand as much as possible, by publicity, by posting scales of retail prices and announcing that local conditions would not warrant, under any circumstances, an advance of more than one cent over these prices. As a result of this efficient administration, the wholesale price of refined sugar in December, 1916, was 32 cents the hundredweight under that of New York, although a part of this very sugar quoted was actually purchased in and exported from New York. To cap the climax, the Royal Commission shows a profit of $10,000,000 from its transactions, and this in spite of considerable losses due to submarine warfare. Here is a record English people have a right to be proud of, and one which our food regulators might emulate.

ALL eyes will be upon Wisconsin in her choosing of a successor to Senator Husting, and especially upon the Republican primary. If La Follette injects himself into the contest by his usual method of endorsing a candidate when he is not running, it will furnish a test of his strength at home as well as of the issue of pressing the war. The special election may present a novel alignment, in that there may be one or more anti-La Follette Progressive Republicans running against Gov. Philipp or some other conservative. This would make it possible for former supporters of the Senator, who differ from him on the war issue, to voice their agreement with his general position and yet refuse to endorse him on the issue of the day. How firmly he has retained his hold upon the people of the State, regardless of party, is shown by the returns of last November, following his triumph in a primary in which it had been predicted that he would ignominiously fail. On the day that Hughes carried Wisconsin by 28,000 votes, La Follette polled the largest vote and the largest plurality that any candidate for President or Governor had received

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since 1904, winning by a plurality of 164,000. That, of course, was in a very different political atmosphere from the one of to-day.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S full endorsement of the campaign for the adoption of the woman-suffrage Constitutional amendment in New York cannot fail to help that cause. It was good strategy on the part of the managers to obtain this Presidential approval just before the suffrage parade on Saturday. The two things have the same end —to bring to the mind of the voters of this State the big issue upon which they must pass on November 6. Here is a great referendum submitted directly to the electors by the action of two Legislatures. It stands by itself. It has no immediate connection with the movement for a suffrage amendment of the Federal Constitution. As Mr. Wilson said, the only effort that can be put forth just now is a State effort. The sole question at this moment is whether the Empire State shall, at the second time of asking, give the vote to women.

"I DON'T yet know if the State Criminologist is a Democrat or Republican." This utterance of Gov. Lowden is in such marked contrast with what has been coming out of Chicago for some years that it is only fair to the good name of Illinois to call attention to it. The circumstances under which it was made recall the enlightened days of Hughes in New York and Wilson in New Jersey. The Governor of the State of Lincoln—and Lorimer—was addressing the State Conference of Charities and Corrections. Illinois, he declared, would both preserve her democracy and make herself efficient. How? Partly by "choosing heads of State charitable departments for ability rather than politics." Illinois, in the opinion of her Governor, "wants a system in her charitable institutions whereby a young man or young woman who starts in at the bottom may one day hope to be head of the institution he or she is in." This is one of the highest notes that have been struck by any important public official in a good while. Gov. Lowden's words call for a step that should be urged with increasing insistence in every State. They do him special honor in being spoken at a moment when most Governors are occupied with laying stress upon national problems.

THE American Association for the Taxation of Church Property illustrates the tendency of organizations to widen the basis of their propaganda until the point at issue is lost in the vast area of discussion. The Association announces a book, "Nature Suffrage," which upholds "the right to live in harmony with the laws of nature." This book identifies "the German politician," Martin Luther, as the predecessor of the Kaiser, since his wars cost 18,000,000 lives. Even to darken the door of a church, or rather "a Christian Temple of Idolatry," is therefore "unpatriotic, and pro-German." But Luther was not the original begetter of our woe. Neither England nor Germany would be groaning under a monarch to-day, nor would the Bible be corrupting Christendom, if only Huldah, a witch whom a royal commission consulted at Jerusalem upon the authenticity of the Mosaic Law, had not outdone all supreme courts by sustaining the statutes in question. Let King George be exiled, then, and all church property, "obtained through German fraud," confiscated.

AN advisory voice for college and university faculties in the appointment of professors, and the privilege of appeal by a professor to a faculty committee before dismissal, are getting to be regulations in various places. The trustees of the College of Wooster (O.), upon the unanimous request of the faculty, have unanimously adopted provisions for a Committee of Three on Teaching Staff and a Committee of Five on Tenure of Office. Nominations by the president for appointment or promotion shall go to the trustees accompanied by the written opinions of the former committee, and before a member of the faculty may be dismissed or demoted, he shall be allowed to appeal to the Committee of Five, which shall sit with a similar committee from the trustees, the finding of the joint body to be made in writing to the trustees. A professor must be notified at least thirty days before the time when his removal is to be voted upon, and be furnished with the reasons for the contemplated action. The constitution proposed for the Ohio State University provides that the president shall be elected by the trustees "on nomination concurred in by the Faculty Conference Committee," and that professors shall be elected by the trustees on nomination by the president, "assisted" by a faculty committee. Technically, these provisions do not go as far as the "advice and consent" conferred upon the United States Senate, but in practice they will usually amount to it.

THE Barnard statue has at last stalked into the House of Commons, where, in answer to an interpellation from the floor, Sir Alfred Mond, First Commissioner of Works, emphatically stated that England refused to look a gift horse in the mouth. He maintained that his whole duty in the premises was to pay for the teaming, the derricks, the muscle-power requisite for the statue's installation—and to see that none of the bystanders got hurt. In other words, London is about as badly situated in this matter of monuments as New York. Any lot of people here with enough money at their disposal can come along and wish a Verdi marionette memorial or a baroque Fifty-ninth Street granite quarry on the city with comparatively little opposition. Only when somebody wants to give a grotesque away to some other city, like London, does any cry of protest arise. The suggestion is therefore now quite timely that a treaty be entered into with England, stating that only American monuments shall be hereafter erected in London and only English monuments in New York. In this manner both metropolises will be protected, London by New York's art enthusiasts, New York by London's lovers of the beautiful. Later on similar treaties could be entered into with all the Allies.

FROM London comes the news that Barrie has again scored victory on the dramatic front with a new play. Of all established British authors, the father of Thrums has been almost the only one to maintain and enhance his reputation during the war. With the exception of one small lapse, he has gone on being himself, whimsical, fantastic, and human. He has not attempted to convert his elfin twinkle into a thousand candle-power flaming arc just because great events seemed to demand it. On the contrary, he realized that the homely emotions, the quaint turns and twists of the individual spirit, would be more sharply outlined in the glare of the world conflict. Physical circumstances change, but not human nature. So he has gone on

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along his kindly, indomitably optimistic way, ignoring horror and atrocity, hoarse-breathing hate, and wide-eyed fury; has put the emphasis not on the scene of the conflict, but on the homes and kindly ways of life men were fighting for; has consistently kept alight the fires of affection and domesticity for the men who dream of these things in the trenches. He has created a picture of a gentle civilization, guarding itself against the poison of fanaticism and bigotry, so that those who fight shall have something which is worth fighting for to come back to. In the end his may prove to have been the best rallying cry even of practical patriotism.

ONE assertion catches the eye in the latest report on education in the Philippines. "After examining and keeping a record of more than 1,000 enlisted men," the medical superintendent of the Philippine Constabulary is quoted, "I firmly believe that the Filipino is a much larger man physically than he was eight or nine years ago, due no doubt to the training the younger generation has been and is receiving in the primary, intermediate, and high schools of the islands." Ninety-five of every hundred pupils in the public schools now take part in an established athletic programme which includes baseball, track and field work, calisthenics, and group games. Indoor baseball is played not only in the Christian provinces, but throughout Mountain Province and the Moro region; dealers in athletic goods have found it hard to satisfy the demand for bats and balls. As for baseball itself, there are 1,555 uniformed and completely equipped teams in the public schools. Medical service is also playing a prominent rôle, for the Philippines have their "health campaigns," their medical inspection of school children, and their school nurses and clinics.

A Great Achievement

THE immense success of the second Liberty Loan—for, in spite of what has been said of the "five-billion goal," the fact remains that only $3,000,000,000 was definitely asked for by the Treasury, and that everything in excess of that is oversubscription—adds a highly interesting chapter to the story of war finance. Both the 50 per cent. oversubscribed war loan of June and this subsequent achievement will always remain outstanding landmarks in the present war's history.

That no European loan during the war has been oversubscribed at all is well enough known. The more interesting fact in the present situation is that the response to this loan has far exceeded the largest applications for any war loan, unless the British Government's record of £988,706,000 cash subscriptions to last January's loan (in American values, roughly $4,943,500,000) should be shown by our own complete returns to be the exception.

The three important inferences which will be drawn from our second war loan are that the available wealth and resources of this country have not been overrated; that the people's patriotism and readiness to sustain their Government have been greatly underrated, and that the people as a whole have had a useful and very necessary lesson in sound investment of their money. Of still greater political and international significance, perhaps, is the certainty that this financial achievement puts the seal on our new position as the leader in world finance.

The question arises, as it did in the case of the billion-dollar and two-billion-dollar loans of the European belligerents in the first months of the war—Where did the money come from? The largest loan ever raised by the British Government in a single operation, up to the autumn of 1914, was the $300,000,000 placed in the third year of the Boer War. What were the sources of the $5,000,000,000 raised in its loan of last February? The largest loan ever sold for cash by the United States Government in a single operation was the $198,000,000 Spanish War Loan of 1898; for the $829,000,000 "seven-thirties" of 1864 were on the market for continuous subscription during more than a year. Then how was the Government able, in a single month's canvass, to tap such a reservoir of cash as $3,000,000,000 last June and $4,000,000,000 or more last month?

In the case of the European war loans, much was explained by the veto placed by the Governments, early in the war, on all other issues of new securities. Such investments of new capital had before the war reached as high a total as $1,300,000,000 in a single year, and practically all of the capital which might otherwise have been thus invested was available for the war loan. No such prohibition has been put in effect on our own markets; but the process has been at work automatically, and extremely little in the way of new railway or industrial securities has been offered since we went to war. Now in 1916, including the foreign war loans, $1,984,000,000 of stocks and bonds issued for new capital had actually been listed on the New York Stock Exchange. In so far as capital was accruing this year at the same rate as a year ago, the bulk of that sum would be available for the Liberty Loans.

But even that, as the figures themselves show, is only a comparatively small part of the sum actually raised for the war loan of October. Where did the rest come from? The answer must in the main be the same as was made by Europe. Great capitalists and people of moderate means set in to draw down their idle bank balances to the lowest figure of safety. Instalments on the loans were met by foregoing customary pleasures or luxuries.

Very many of the people who had usually reinvested their surplus profits in their business put such profits into the war loans, knowing that, if needed, they could borrow later on the security of the bonds themselves. When to this are added, first the immense total of actual currency which is needlessly hoarded by the people or carried in their pockets, and next the great amounts which might be provided by borrowing from the banks on pledge of other investment securities already held (or on pledge of the war bonds themselves), it is easy enough to see how huge a reservoir of credit was being drawn upon.

How long and how often can this process be repeated? When the war began, Wall Street and the economists thought they could answer that question, and their answer was not favorable. But the experience of England and Germany with their war loans has made the oracles cautious about predictions. England in the Napoleonic wars, our own people during the Civil War, and the French people when the indemnity loans of the Franco-Prussian War were raised, revealed the unsuspected capacity of the ready capital in a thrifty country. But the most extraordinary discoveries of all time were left for the present war; and we may have even more remarkable discoveries ahead of us.

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National Loans and Municipal Elections

THE second Liberty Loan has gone very much as all of us, financial experts or tyros, confidently expected it to go—in the good old American way. The breakaway amidst cheers, the prolonged jockeying around the track, and the heart-in-the-mouth rush for the tape are characteristic of the national temper. Why, knowing that it is always so with us, there nevertheless should be an interval of low spirits and doubt, is a psychological problem that is interesting without being important. Before the opening of the Loan one might have drawn up a complete time-schedule for the four weeks: so many days we shall be buoyant; on this date we shall begin to have our doubts; on this date we shall begin to be seriously alarmed; on this date we shall resort to frantic efforts; on this date we shall know that the Loan is safe, and now let us roll up a huge oversubscription! The two outstanding features of all our popular movements are general apathy and the rousing finish. What else is to be expected from a people which rises at the last possible moment and sprints for its trains, hangs back with its Christmas shopping, and storms the registration booths after sunset of the last day?

But the peculiarities of the national temperament are not enough to explain our habit with loan campaigns and political campaigns. Nor yet will it do to ascribe it to the habit of sheer procrastination which is not exclusively American. We must take account of another fundamental human trait, the difficulty of framing a decision until the moment for action is at hand. When that moment arrives the mind fixes instinctively upon the basic issues and makes its choice. Up to then is the time for minor issues, judgments, spites, protests, prejudices, and eccentricities. In the second and third weeks of a Liberty Loan we feel justified in withholding our subscriptions because we do not approve of the tone of Mr. Wilson's last note; or because we dislike the tone of the British Foreign Secretary; or because we resent the Administration's policy with regard to the I. W. W.; or because we disapprove of Mr. Burleson's press policies; or because we feel Mr. Hoover does not think enough of the American consumer; or because the local authorities have been too harsh with the soap-box orators; or because Major-Gen. Bell has discriminated against Mr. Hillquit. In great measure these accumulated reasons for delay are sincere. But, in addition, we shrink from surrendering the luxury of sitting in judgment on so many men and things. Until we have signed our names to Mr. McAdoo's subscription blanks we are his master; the moment after we are at his orders.

Once the choice must be made, such subsidiary considerations disappear. The fundamental alternatives present themselves. Do you believe that the Government should have the means to prosecute a war to which it stands committed? Then you subscribe, and President Wilson's notes, Mr. Burleson, Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Hoover, and the British Foreign Secretary do not count. Do you believe that we ought not to go on with the war because it is unnecessary or because it was unwisely begun? Then you do not subscribe and, like Mr. Hillquit, you are consistent. Undoubtedly, the attendant circumstances of a rousing finish to a Loan campaign help to drive away apathy. But at bottom it is something more than an instinct that brings action, it is the sane operation of the human judgment which in the moment of decision discards the non-essential and fixes upon fundamentals.

From the happy consummation of the second Liberty Loan to a fortunate outcome for New York city on election day the leap is not so fantastic as may at first appear. In the contest between good government for the city and the ancient forces of evil we are now passing through the period of minor or non-essential issues. With the few days at our disposal we feel ourselves still at liberty to find fault with Mr. Mitchel and his Administration. We have the leisure to grieve over Mr. Mitchel's inability or unwillingness to impress his personality on the great mass of citizens; his lack of judgment in picking his friends; his unnecessary concentration on national issues; his mistaken policy in the matter of free speech on the street corners; his judgment in the matter of the West Side Improvement, or the Court House, or the garbage plant on Staten Island. On one or all of these issues we claim the right to vote against Mr. Mitchel—until election day. On that day, or a little while before, these fragmentary grievances will vanish, and in the conscience of every good citizen the primal issue will emerge: Shall it be Mitchel or shall it be Tammany? Shall it be a consolidation of the conquests of good government painfully won through the years, or shall it be a relapse into the old squalors and iniquities? The same response to fundamental duty which has made the Liberty Loan a success, which sent a quarter of a million voters to the registration booth in one day, will, we believe, speak out at the polls.

Hillquit and the East Side

THE Socialist candidate's position is like that of the Tammany candidate and unlike Mr. Mitchel's, in that a calculation of Mr. Hillquit's possible vote starts with a solid nucleus. Tammany has the irreducible minimum of the "organization." Mr. Hillquit has what is more vaguely described as the East Side. In his estimate of the Socialist strength, Mr. Henry Morgenthau substitutes the "Jewish vote" for the East Side, but the latter term is preferable, both because it corresponds more closely to the facts and because it is susceptible of something like a numerical examination. Mr. Hillquit's showing, then, depends on two factors: the East Side, and various classes of sentiment outside of that region. The most ardent view of the Socialist candidate's chances is summed up in the expression frequently heard that the East Side is for Hillquit to a man. A glance, therefore, at the importance of the East Side in the general voting population of the city and, secondly, at the probabilities of a solid Hillquit vote within the East Side, may supply some hint of the Socialist strength on November 6. It is not the intention here to venture into the field of confident prophecy.

The East Side Assembly districts under the old apportionment—the boundaries have been recently altered and so are not available for comparison—were the following: Manhattan and Bronx—3d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 20th, 22d, 24th, 26th, 34th; Brooklyn—4th, 6th, 19th, 21st, 23d. Queens and Richmond have no specific East Side. In the Mayoralty election of 1913, these East Side districts cast a vote of 130,000 in a total vote for the city of 625,000,

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or slightly less than 21 per cent. Since 1913 the only notable infiltration of the East Side has been in the Washington Heights section, comprising the Twenty-third Assembly District, though that district is as yet far from typically East Side. Elsewhere the shifting of population has been from one East Side section to another—that is, from lower Manhattan and Harlem to the Bronx and the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. In the *Call* the East Side Agitation Committee has announced that it has a complete list of the 40,000 voters in "the districts." The reference is probably to the solid block of six districts south of 23d Street, which cast almost exactly 40,000 votes for all parties in 1913. Considering that this year there may be polled as many as 50,000 votes more than four years ago, these figures reveal no striking increase in the relative importance of the East Side vote all over the city. Certainly that vote is less than 25 per cent. of the city vote, and probably nearer to 20 per cent. At the coming election, therefore, we may estimate the East Side vote at about 155,000.

What part of this vote of 155,000 should be assigned to Hillquit? "The East Side to a man" for the Socialist candidate may be dismissed as rhetoric. No conceivable revolution can produce that result. Even in Bolsheviki Petrograd the "bourgeois" parties have made a fair showing. It certainly is no injustice to Mr. Hillquit's chances to take the recent Mayoralty primary election in Buffalo with its extraordinary increase in the Socialist vote. In one of the Buffalo districts the Socialist vote doubled the joint vote of the other parties. In three or four other districts it had a majority. Assign to Hillquit for the East Side districts a range from two-thirds of the whole vote to something less than one-half, with an average of 50 per cent., and his East Side poll in all the boroughs should be between 75,000 and 80,000. The rest of his vote in the city must come from other sources—the Socialists elsewhere, the anti-war element, the element which will protest against undemocratic press policies at Washington, and the element which Mr. Morgenthau euphemistically describes as "men whose motives cannot be explained." How large that non-East Side vote will be we do not venture to predict. The essential thing is to keep in mind the proportion of the East Side to the city as a whole.

Our mention of Buffalo may be seized upon by Hillquit partisans as the basis of another kind of calculation, which omits special consideration of the East Side. Buffalo, so the argument would be, has shown a Socialist increase from about 2,500 votes in the last preceding election to more that 14,000 votes, or an increase of five and a half times. The same ratio would send up the Socialist vote in this city from the 31,000 votes cast for Benson in 1916 to about 170,000 for Hillquit; a most notable showing, but plainly indicating that the next Mayor will not be a Socialist. The example of Buffalo, however, will bear further investigation. In the first place, it is not sound mathematical reasoning that the same radical fluctuations revealed in a community of about 90,000 voters will affect a mass of voters seven times as large. In the second place, the Buffalo vote of 2,500, used for comparison with the recent remarkable increase, was, for some reason or other, far below the normal Socialist vote in Buffalo. Thus in 1912 Buffalo gave to the Socialist candidate for Governor 4,400 votes, while New York city gave him 26,500. If New York city shows the same ratio in November, it will give Hillquit six times the 14,000 votes recently polled in Buffalo, or about 85,000. Between this Buffalo index for the year 1912 and the Buffalo index of the recent election for 170,000 votes we may look for the Socialist vote on November 6.

Russian Cross Currents

THE decision of the Kerensky Government to remove the capital to Moscow was announced a fortnight ago for the "very near future." A fortnight is hardly time enough for the execution of so elaborate a task, yet there is significance in the fact that after that first brief announcement the subject seems to have dropped out of sight. Was the sudden decision brought about by the looming up of the German peril in the Baltic, and has it been postponed by the apparent check which the German fleet has suffered? Or did the Provisional Government think to make use of the opportunity to escape from the Bolsheviki influence in the capital? Whatever may have been the reason, military or political, second thought has probably suggested the disadvantages of such a step short of absolute military necessity. For Kerensky and all the forces of moderation to migrate to Moscow would have been to put Petrograd under the complete domination of the extremists and open up a horizon of tragic possibilities—national disruption, civil war perhaps, Kronstadt and the fleet submitting to the Germans, Finland abandoned. The sacrifice will be made if no other way offers to keep up the semblance of a Government. Fortunately, there are good reasons for believing that the situation, neither external nor internal, is grave enough to compel the step.

The behavior of the Russian fleet in the Gulf of Riga has been one encouraging feature. Let it be recalled that precisely in the fleet and at Kronstadt the Bolsheviki influence has been at its strongest. From Kronstadt have come the sailor contingents which have played a leading part in the Maximalist "demonstrations" in the streets of the capital. It was Kronstadt which proclaimed its "secession" in July. Among the crews of the battleships, the disappearance of all discipline has been repeatedly marked by atrocious massacres of commanding officers. If a refusal to fight was to be expected anywhere, it would be in the Baltic fleet more even than in the armies. Such considerations may have dictated the decision to transfer the Government to Moscow. Yet the Baltic fleet gave battle with a spirit of determination and a resourcefulness which, Kerensky has since declared, he would be happy to see paralleled in the armies. Perhaps the reason was that the fleet was on the "defensive," a form of warfare which even the Bolsheviki justify. Perhaps the crisis was sufficiently acute to make a dent even in Bolsheviki theory, and extremists discovered their human limitations in a moment of imminent danger. At any rate, every day that finds the Government still at Petrograd strengthens the hope that the reunion of all the revolutionary parties, towards which Kerensky has been striving with magnificent persistence, may yet be brought about.

One event, to be sure, militates against such a consummation. At the very first meeting of the Provisional Parliament the Bolsheviki proclaimed their hostility to the Coalition Government and left the assembly with the expressed intention of summoning the "proletariat" to a strug-

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gle for the reconquest of its liberties and power, menaced by the "autocrat" Kerensky. This threat may carry the most serious implications. It may mean open war. There is discussion of an exact date, November 2, set for the Bolsheviki uprising. But until the tragic fact comes to contradict us, it is possible to put another interpretation on the challenge flung down by Lenine's lieutenants. It may be that the fight to which they summon the Councils of Workers and Soldiers is not insurrection, but agitation. For this the field is open in the approaching elections to the Constituent Assembly, which have been set for November 25. It is not likely that the extremists of Petrograd will set up their own authority against this ultimate expression of the nation's will. Nevertheless, we cannot dismiss the possibility that if the Bolsheviki see no chance of controlling the Constituent Assembly, they may venture upon violent means and create a state of disorder.

Short of armed opposition by the extremists of Petrograd, the Constituent Assembly holds out to Russia the promise of a near approach to that unity for which Kerensky and the moderate elements of all parties have been laboring. The history of the Revolution from the first day has shown that fanaticism may gain the ascendency for a limited time and in limited sectors, but that when all Russia speaks out it is with the voice of reason and restraint. The Petrograd Council of Workers and Soldiers has succumbed to the Bolsheviki; but when the Soviets of the whole country were brought together they became, and have remained, a force for moderation. Dissatisfied with such a state of affairs, the extremists clamored for a Democratic Conference, and the Democratic Conference after a few days of uncertainty spoke out for moderation. Throwing over the Democratic Conference the extremists demanded the establishment of a Provisional Parliament; the Parliament came, and immediately the Bolsheviki found themselves outnumbered, and bolted. If precedent counts for anything, the Constituent Assembly will be a force against fanaticism, and perhaps its ultimate cure.

Substitutes for Sugar

THE shortage in sugar, while it is likely to prove temporary only, comes as a warning of what may happen with various commodities if the war lasts a year or two longer; and it has come, moreover, in regard to a foodstuff in their fondness for which Americans are excelled only by the English and the Danes. Our women and children dote on candy; everybody in summer drinks sweetened soda water; lumps of sugar go into nearly every cup of coffee and tea, though epicures and doctors tell us these beverages are better and far less harmful without sugar; while our universal custom—not practiced in Europe—of breakfasting on sweetened cereals accounts for a large share of the ten billion pounds of sugar we consume every year.

That we eat too much sugar, in one form or another, is certain; and if the war decreases the consumption, it will have so much to its credit. Most of the sugar we eat is made of cane or beets, and dietitians tell us—what many of us know from painful experience—that cane and beet sugar digest very slowly, irritating the mucous membrane of the alimentary tract and causing various gastric disorders, with their attendant complications and discomforts. At the same time it cannot be denied that sugar is one of the most important ingredients of our diet. Dr. Wiley, who lately raised a warning voice against our excessive indulgence in sweets—as many have done before him—admits in his book on "Foods and Their Adulteration" that "sugar is a quick-acting food and therefore is especially valuable to relieve exhaustion. It is particularly useful for soldiers on a forced march or for people engaged in any extraordinary effort."

It is well, therefore, that our soldiers in France, as well as their allies, should have all the sugar they want. Their toilsome lives will help them digest it more readily. We can easily spare them half of what we might normally eat, and be all the better for it. We can even spare them more than half if we will make use of various substitutes for cane and beet sugar. There are plenty of them; substitutes which are more digestible than the white sugars we now use and very much more delectable, because they are fragrant and aromatic as well as sweet. This is the case, for instance, with maple sugar, which retains the delicious flavors that the refining process removes from the product of sugar-cane. For similar reasons, honey is much more agreeable to the palate than white sugar; it is the nectar of flowers, retaining much of their exquisite and varied fragrance. In the good old times it was the universal sweetener, and at present it is used far more than most persons know; manufacturers of fancy biscuits buy it by the carload, and housekeepers would buy it by the gallon if they knew how much more luscious are cakes flavored with honey than those that are simply sweetened with sugar. A confectioner on Fifth Avenue has in his window specimens of war-time cakes made without white sugar. Such cakes are best for peace-time, too. At present only $20,000,000 worth of honey is annually raised in the United States. California alone could easily raise more than that amount. Besides being sweet, this flower nectar has great nutritive value, a teaspoonful being the equivalent of an egg.

Among the most accessible sweeteners to be used in place of sugars are the delicious ripe fruits which just at present are glutting our markets, many of them as sweet and flavorsome as honey—melons, pears, peaches, grapes, apples, bananas, plums. Why not eat these very perishable—and very cheap—delicacies with our breakfast cereals, saving the sugar for export to our allies? Many thousands of tons could be rescued in this way alone. Fruit sugars, instead of being, like cane sugars, indigestible, are, on the contrary, the most digestible of all things, being absorbed at once without having to undergo an elaborate process lasting three or four hours. Bananas, as ordinarily eaten, are an exception; but not if eaten when fully ripe. The banana contains 20 per cent. starch, which, in the process of ripening, is converted into sugar. The dried or "fig" bananas, which are a recent delectable addition to our dietary, are much richer still in sugar. So are dates, which contain 30 per cent. of sugar. Formerly looked on, here and in Europe, as a mere delicacy, like candy, they are now used more and more in the kitchen in the making of cakes and confectionery. For children they are far better than candy; even infants of two, to whom sugar is forbidden, can eat them with impunity and benefit.

Seeded raisins also (a pound of which equals in food value a pound of beef or a pound of bread) can be used in a hundred recipes, as partial or complete substitutes for sugar. As for fresh grapes, the sweet California varieties contain 16 or more per cent. of sugar. A pound a day

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would include all the sweets one needs. The two most delicious varieties of them, the Muscatel and the seedless, are unfortunately out of season now; but the sweet Malagas and other varieties remain in great abundance and at a very reasonable price. The most saccharine of them all, the seedless, which is literally as sweet as honey, grows in the rankest profusion and could doubtless be made to yield in superabundance a cheap fruit sugar far more digestible as well as much more delicious than refined cane and beet sugars.

Lord Northcliffe, Benefactor

PRESIDENT WILSON has at last been caught up with and overruled—naturally by one much wiser than himself. Lord Northcliffe has set the American nation and the world aright. "The American people," he says, "*are not fighting to make the world safe for democracy, but to make the world safe for themselves.*" It was, he assures us, "*self-interest*, self-preservation, and self-respect" which sent us Americans into the war; it was "not an abstract fondness for democratic as opposed to autocratic government," and, above all, it was "not sympathy with any other nation," not even Belgium nor France. It is thus, in his most learned tone, that our British Resident Commissioner —we had almost said resident schoolmaster—brings to earth the whole elaborate structure which Mr. Wilson erected by the lofty idealism of his war message and his reply to the Pope. Lord Northcliffe always knows better than statesmen what a nation is about or ought to be about —*vide* Asquith, Kitchener, Edward Grey. Mr. Wilson will, we are sure, take this noble Warwick's rebuke to heart and give us soon a revised interpretation of American war motives and policy.

While we wait for this correction from the White House, has it not become plain of late just why it is that the blessing of a Northcliffe to guide our national destinies has been bestowed upon us? It is surely not necessary now to venture a guess as to what his presence on this side of the water means. It is evident that Northcliffe is to be to us what Cromer was to Egypt, the supervisor of our destinies, and chief press agent for England besides. This, it is apparent, it was not his intention to become so soon, for before he came to us in mid-June he said, "I am not going on a speech-making or banqueting tour. I propose taking offices downtown in New York where I can confer on the many business interests involved in the British and Allied missions." At first his policy was one of comparative silence. But evidently other things besides the President's utterances have not gone to his liking, and so he has had to adopt a new line of action. Now, hardly a day passes without some warning, some admonition, or some bit of education from the head of the British business mission. Patriotically throwing to the winds his self-denying ordinance, he is speaking freely and graciously, on Tuesday last in Chicago, on Wednesday in St. Louis before the Chamber of Commerce, on Thursday in Kansas City, on Friday in Ohio. His large dinners to our editors are the talk of newspaperdom. Well-syndicated throughout the country, there appeared in September an unofficial series of articles on America in the war. When he does not have a speaking engagement or an article in a magazine, an interview suffices. Plainly, an extremely serious condition of affairs has induced Lord Northcliffe to absent himself from his New York office, and to devote himself to steering our country to its proper course.

Only a superficial perusal of those utterances suffices to reveal how deep is his dissatisfaction with conditions as they are. Our newspapers, he tells us, are "presenting the news of the war in an erroneous manner," to which is doubtless due the fact that we do not realize that the war is "only just begun," that "we are only at the very beginning of this strange and mysterious thing that is passing over the world." It is not, however, one war "but a series of wars which the Allies are fighting," and a realization of this is evidently lacking here. Again, an understanding of the immensity of the struggle is wanting. Not, he added, that it is "my business to criticise or even advise in this matter. I merely wish to indicate a joint in our armor which an unscrupulous and unsleeping enemy is sure to attack." Similarly, when he reproved the failure of the Liberty Loan managers to reach the farmers or to make the "practical appeal" strong enough, it was merely indicating another joint in our armor.

Still a third joint, and a seriously gaping one, lies behind the statement of Mr. Hurley, the head of our Shipping Board, that we shall have 6,000,000 tons afloat by 1918. Mr. Hurley is a donkey or worse. "I see," says Lord Northcliffe, "no signs of such tonnage in 1918. . . . I do not see the signs of that bridge across the Atlantic without which all this recruiting, all this enthusiasm, all this manufacturing will be null and void. Therefore I urge you, I entreat you, to believe that your army without transports will be valueless." Returning to this subject on another occasion, he says: "Remember that the army principally menaced off the coast of France is the American army. I do not believe that any substantial progress has been made in stopping submarine depredations."

This naturally aroused some indignation at home. But when Lord Northcliffe becomes an official knight errant, what cares he for the feelings of his associates in the Government of England whom he can make and unmake at will? He does not hesitate to declare that the official weekly statistics of the British Admiralty as to the U-boat sinkings are misleading, "entirely misleading"—thereby willingly giving more delightful comfort to the Kaiser and von Tirpitz than some Americans have given who for their rashness are reconsidering in jail. No jail yawns for Northcliffe; nor can such a false cry of aiding the enemy padlock *his* lips. The *Westminster Gazette* may rave and declare that "if Lord Northcliffe has a case against the Government he should make it privately to the Government and not shout it aloud in the American press," Northcliffe is not to be caught thus. With him it is "*Fiat veritas, ruat cœlum.*" When it comes to the question of plain speaking, Americans may well recall that he holds—with Morris Hillquit and others—the view that since for months "your people have been reading about the spilling of blood," "this constant diet of war is sure to bring about an internal upheaval [in America]. The American Revolutionary War was the precursor of the French Revolution." No one can remember that this last bit of wisdom was given us as far back as 1915 and fail to see the fitness of the bestowal,

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only the other day, upon this volunteer saviour of ours of an LL.D. by the University of Rochester. We must not fail to recompense adequately this sublimated press agent, who is also a prophet of the evils that are to befall us when the war ends.

It is a matter of regret, therefore, that thousands of Americans are so benighted as to believe that Lord Northcliffe, so widely known as the Hearst of the British Press, is not the best equipped man to advise us as to national policy, whether by principles or past policies or newspaper reputation. Even some newspaper men are beginning to ask us whether Lord Northcliffe should not soon be admitted to a seat at our Cabinet table in Washington. Overlooking the great and unselfish service he is rendering, they insinuate that he left England to influence our press just when he was getting into dangerously hot water at home, when his high-minded attacks upon Kitchener and Haldane and Asquith and Viscount Grey were being more than ever resented by the ignorant. They appear to believe that his being taken on by the Government to serve as "an Ambassador of the Truth" to the United States was a clever Lloyd George expedient to preserve his Government from the kind of treatment which Mr. Asquith's received at Northcliffe's hands and a happy way of overriding Sir Cecil Spring-Rice in Washington without actually recalling him. These Americans even affected to rejoice when a report came across seas, now happily denied, that Northcliffe was to spend the winter at home. They strive to weaken his usefulness as a prophet by pointing out that in 1909 he was certain that the protection campaign in England would be a complete success, and that just before the Home Rule bill passed he asserted that it never would pass. They fail to take into account that, like some of our most exalted statesmen, he has been on both sides of almost every question, and can, therefore, show equal enthusiasm for free trade and for protection; that he tempers the vigor, or rather violence, of his attacks upon people and things according to the character of his mediums, the *Daily Mail* being naturally less kid-gloved than the London *Times*.

These doubters are even mean enough to go back to the recent *Atlantic Monthly* article wherein Lord Northcliffe's journalistic methods are set forth in striking likeness to what we know as Hearstism; they do not stop at recalling the lottery devices upon which Lord Northcliffe founded his original journalistic successes. And they keep repeating that they do not wish a man who has done so much to degrade—for which they should say popularize—the politics and journalism of England to mould the opinion of democratic America, believing that we have troubles enough with our own journalists without importing others. They profess even to fear that his newspaper trust may be extended to America, recalling the statement of J. L. Garvin, of the London *Observer*, that "behind the national scenes Lord Northcliffe has a kind of irresponsible despotism that no man ought to be allowed by any sane man to possess. The thing is appalling. No meat trust or other trust against which Americans ever revolted could compare in reach and danger with this press trust."

But, of course, they forget to point out that Northcliffe has sailed triumphantly on to complete financial and political success while the Garvins and Gardiners, his critics, are in a more or less impotent minority. Success in his chosen line of activity is surely the only test that need be made of an ambassador of good-will to the United States. Who can question that he will bring to his task a fine ethical quality, that he is well fitted by years of experience with things American to lead us in the way that we should go, to lift some of the burdens off President Wilson's shoulders by formulating our national policies? We believe that it will only be a short time before he will take the administration of our War Department in hand, as he has the Shipping Board; before he will decide for us whether we shall fight for Alsace-Lorraine, and in general shape for us our attitude towards the peace and the new world that are sure to be. Shall we not yet be hailing him as our own chief guide in the revolution which is to come and as—who knows?—the first President of England?

ADMIRER

The Reconstructive Spirit of the War

BETTER than ever before, even than in those early days when the South did not reach further south than Georgia, North and South are now united. The fusing together of the whole nation had ever been the wish and dream of its greatest leaders, a wish equally strong in the heart of Lincoln of Illinois and of Washington of Virginia. This wish has been realized. Even at the worst moments of the Great Conflict North and South respected each other; for it was a conflict between men with hearts. Now they love each other; and no more touching sight could be imagined than the enthusiastic reception accorded the other day in Washington to the Confederate veterans, among whom, marching as one of them, was the universally beloved and admired Chief Justice of the United States.

Answering the call of the South many nations are represented at this hospitable board.* All of them, like North and South, have had their days of hard-contested conflicts, and like North and South they now stand united in an immense array from antipodes to antipodes; like North and South they ever respected and now they love each other. In the world war they have enlisted under the banner of Justice. The sight is awe-inspiring; the story of the world offers nothing like it.

Whom and what are they fighting with that ardor and singleness of purpose? Is it a Government, a race, a creed, a nation? In truth, it is none of these. What they fight is treachery, perjury, falsehood, corruption, bestiality, tyranny, the meanness of people who destroy for no other reason than that they have the power to do so, who cannot see something clean without polluting, ruining, or killing it, a church, a girl, a child, a family hearth. With such men, so disposed, of whatever race or creed, and until they undergo a thorough mental change, no understanding is possible, and no discussion is of any good. But there is no need of any discussion; whether "might" makes "right," in accordance with their monstrous saying, is of no importance, for we who to-day stand united possess both right and might.

Their most stubborn philosophers should be set a-thinking by what the world sees now: It is the fact, more and more obvious, from month to month, from year to year, that we were defending "right" which has caused the increase of our might, those constant additions to our ranks, in which North and South, East and West, are mingled;

*The dinner of the Southern Congress given at the Hotel Astor on October 16.

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and the decisive addition has come to us in the present year through the entrance of the United States into the war.

The material value of your support is immense, the moral value even greater. In his appeal to the American people, in April last, the President was able to say: "There is not a single selfish element, so far as I can see, in the cause we are fighting for. We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind and for the future peace and security of the world." In the same spirit your ancestors and mine fought in that local war of Independence which gave birth to your nation, a forerunner of that general war of Independence in which the cause of Liberty throughout the world is now at stake.

The havoc wrought by that Power of Evil which we are fighting has been terrific; we shall so manage, all of us, that it will be unable ever to work such ruin again. But the destruction accomplished is unexampled. In peaceful, industrial, noble-minded, great-hearted Belgium, a country that has won the admiration of the whole world with the single exception of the Power of Evil, there are now 50,000 houses destroyed; the dead cannot be counted. The same with Servia, the same with France; wherever the Barbarian has set foot, all is ruin. One of the most beautiful, fertile, and industrial spots in the world, Northern France, is now barren; no houses, no inhabitants, no trees; time and care have been taken to destroy tools, to destroy the humble furniture; the place of some villages is marked only by heaps of crumbled stones; life and the Power of Evil cannot exist together.

From Belfort to the sea extends that long line held with an equal fervor by the French, the British, and the Belgians, a moving line, which the enemy is unable to dent, and which we are slowly pushing to where it must reach and remain forever; a line which is the site of innumerable deeds of valor, some of which were performed in the earliest days of the war by young American aviators. A *via sacra* we call this line; not forgetting that the *via sacra* of old was lined with sepulchres.

The number of our dead is probably equal if not superior to one-third of the total American population during the war of Independence; the number of casualties surpasses the whole of that population. But I am glad to add that the number of French soldiers at present in the field is equal also to that total population.

The enemy has his cities uninjured, his factories working, his territory not yet invaded, his pride, judging at least from the talk of his leaders, intact. But not for the world would we exchange with him; no comparison is possible between our losses and his; ours material, his moral. He stands condemned in the eyes of the world; the fate which he has chosen and which is in store for him is that of the pariah.

An immense reconstruction will be needed especially by those nations who have fought the enemy on their own soil; problems of all sorts will confront them. We are full of confidence. You of the South have solved your problems with a mastery everybody acknowledges and admires. We shall solve ours. We have done it before. We have survived the miseries of the Hundred Years' War; and the miseries, much worse, of the civil and religious wars of the sixteenth century, when it seemed that the end of France was at hand. But on the morrow we had the splendid times of Henry IV, Richelieu, and Louis XIV.

It is in the race, our alertness is lined with patience; our wit ballasted with reason. One of the American correspondents earliest allowed near the front after the battle of the Marne describes a totally deserted and ruined village, in which, however, he discovered a poor woman who had identified the remains of her former house; two small children of hers were playing among the stones. She had found somehow pieces of linen which had been part of the family store; she had washed them and, in the solitude of the place, was stretching them in the sun to dry: her humble, patient, prompt work was the very emblem of reconstruction.

The problems will be many; we shall talk them over with you. There will be a material reconstruction, and an inward one. Your inventive and liberal mind, and ours which is also inventive and liberal, will work together. The failure of the enemy must be an example which shall discourage imitation; but we too must try to be an example of well-governed, self-possessed, strong, and happy liberal countries.

One of our advantages in liberal countries is the free play of individualism that allows each man to reach his fullest development. One of our dangers is an individualism which, if not voluntarily checked by each of us, deviates into egotism, and an egotist is a tyrant. A land of egotists, whatever the form of government, is a land of tyrants. We hate tyranny, that one as much as any other: we cannot hate it too much, for upon the amount of disinterestedness and good-will towards others which will be part of our every-day life (the life of the poor as well as of the rich, for both can become egotists and tyrants), depend the continued progress and success of our democratic experiment. The odds are in our favor; all those nations whose sons have given, or been ready to give, their lives for a noble idea, will never allow their hearts to dry up and will never centre on themselves their care and interest.

Nothing more promising has been seen in that line than what is taking place here since the United States entered the great conflict: those appeals from the President, from the Secretary of Agriculture, from that man of wisdom and strength, Mr. Hoover, asking the people at large kindly to do this or abstain from that. There is no law, no obligation, no threat, no penalty; but, understand, it is in the interest of people who are fighting three thousand miles away, in the interest of an idea: please, deprive yourselves, eat less wheat, plant gardens, save the merest trifles. And, behold, all respond to the appeals; savings of immense value are realized; even the merest children act as they are desired to; all do so of their own free will, they have hearts which understand.

Our ideal, the one which makes us work together as a unit, was defined long ago in this piece of ancient advice, recently quoted by one of the great New York papers: "Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains." So spoke eighteen centuries ago one who was worthy to be the President of a modern republic, and who, though an Emperor, was no Kaiser, Marcus Aurelius.

We trust in the future; it belongs to men of good-will; your country is full of them, ours too.

J. J. JUSSERAND
French Ambassador to the United States

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Christmas Books for Soldiers

IN our issue of last week we called attention to an enterprise, started in England directly after the beginning of the war, which succeeded in placing a vast number of books at the disposal of the soldiers at the front. The range of the soldiers' interests was shown to be unexpectedly wide. It is clear from this exhibit that the comfort brought to the trenches and hospitals by books is one which should not be permitted to lapse through indifference on the part of those at home. The Christmas season is approaching, as the Government reminds us by the announcement that remembrances in order to reach our men in France by Christmas day must be posted not later than November 15. Among the Christmas gifts, books will, we trust, not be neglected. Their value, both as diversion and as edification, it is unnecessary to emphasize here, as England's experiment has made this amply clear. It is odd, perhaps, to think of American youths turning seriously to books for recreation, so accustomed are we to picture them in their reading moments deep in pictorial magazines and supplements. Yet friends of soldiers at the front may safely hazard a broad choice of volumes. For one thing, the routine of trench life will leave much time to be filled in, and, too, a crisis like this world war may very likely give a serious twist to young men's minds which they would not experience otherwise. Let "light reading" be sent to the trenches by all means, yet we are certain that works of solid merit, whenever written, will find their grateful readers.

IN calling special attention to our men in France we are not forgetting the cantonments about the country whose desire for reading must also be satisfied. Here the libraries have already begun to be of much service. How great is the need and how manful the effort to supply it is revealed by a report from Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, head of the public library at Chillicothe, Ohio, the site of Camp Sherman. He has issued a call for books and periodicals and draws a glowing picture of the library working with might and main to circulate its volumes among the soldiers. In these camps Christmas gifts of books would not only afford pleasure to the recipients, but would in all probability become a part of circulating libraries and thus give amusement and consolation to many. Here is a rich opportunity which should not be neglected.

The Controversy at Colorado College

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The academic controversy at Colorado College, which has at last become public, is of exceptional interest in several respects. It presents a situation fortunately unparalleled in any college upheaval which has been brought to public notice. It offers alarming proof of how far a college in good standing may be, not merely from ideal academic freedom, but from the most elementary liberty of conscientious action in accordance with universally accepted and conventional standards. It gives impressive warning of a danger more than once pointed out in the columns of the *Nation*—the danger of entrusting the destinies of our colleges and universities largely or entirely to wealthy business men and lawyers associated with them. Finally, it casts a most unpleasant suspicion upon the zealous professions of high ethical standards and Christian ideals upon which institutions of the class of Colorado College have been accustomed to rely so largely in their appeals for public support.

It is perhaps worth noting that Colorado College enjoys the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation; that it has had since 1904 a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa; and that it is one of the five Western institutions which have an exchange arrangement with Harvard. In its annual "campaigns" for students and in its public and official pronouncements generally, it has always strongly emphasized its distinctively Christian character. The board of trustees consists entirely of business men, bankers, and lawyers, most of them men of wealth. There is not a clergyman, a doctor, a teacher, or an editor on the board. New members are elected only by the board itself; no outside authority has any power of election or nomination. The alumni have recently asked for representation, submitting with their request a report based on a careful study of alumni representation in other colleges; but the request has not been granted. The trustees replied in substance that they were too busy with other matters to give due consideration to the question at present. As the Colorado Springs *Evening Telegraph*, the mouthpiece of the trustees, remarks in a recent editorial, "Colorado College is a private institution, its administration is left to the trustees, and they alone are responsible for its material and spiritual welfare." The manner in which they have regarded this responsibility may be suggested by the question which one of them is reported to have put to a professor in another institution: "Why can't you run a college as if it were a copper mine?"

The trustees have been giving the copper-mine theory a practical test. On July 8, 1917, at the beginning of a meeting of faculty and trustees called nominally to discuss certain matters in controversy, Dean Edward S. Parsons and Prof. Guy H. Albright were called before a committee of trustees in an inner room and told that they had "permission to resign." At the meeting that followed the case of Professor Albright was not discussed. The trustees, both at this time and later, declined to bring any specific charges against Dean Parsons; they said merely that he was "not in harmony with the board of trustees." On July 10 he received a curt and formal notice of dismissal from the institution. After later giving to Professor Albright a quasi-hearing, the trustees dropped his case, thus tacitly admitting that their action in regard to him had been unjustified. Meantime false statements in regard to the attitude of the faculty and vague charges of disloyalty to the College on the part of Professors Parsons and Albright appeared in the Colorado Springs and Denver papers. Dean Parsons had been for twenty-five years head of the department of English, and for many years dean of the College; he was one of the most successful and popular teachers in the institution, and probably the best administrator on the faculty. Professor Albright had been for ten years a highly valued member of the faculty.

This action of the trustees roused a storm. In spite of threats published in the newspapers that "we shall rid the faculty of its trouble-makers," various professors in letters to the press exposed the false statements regarding the faculty, asserted their confidence in Parsons and Albright, and

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protested against the gross injustice of the trustees' action. Protests accumulated from alumni and friends of the College. The alumni asked for a hearing; and their representatives went before a committee of the board, presented the case from their point of view, and urged that the action regarding Parsons should be rescinded. The upshot of all this was a remarkable resolution adopted by the board of trustees on August 30. Its text, as printed in the papers the next day, is as follows:

"That the board approve the recommendations of President Duniway and hereby reconsider and rescind the dismissal of Dean Parsons, reinstating him in his position in the faculty, but with leave of absence for the collegiate year 1917-18, *and with postponement of determination of his continuing status in the College until June*, 1918." The italics are mine.)

The "leave of absence," as President Duniway informed Dr. Parsons, was to be without salary. The full beauty of this resolution can be realized only by those who have more complete information than I can here present; but its intentional ambiguity is apparent. It takes away with the left hand what it has just given with the right, and—with its orally presented corollary—adds a fine of a year's salary. Nevertheless, in his wish to do what was best for the College, Dr. Parsons gave it the most careful consideration. Attempts made by him and by a committee of the Denver alumni to induce President Duniway to clear up the ambiguity were fruitless; and further evidence accumulated that the offer was not a reinstatement in good faith. Dr. Parsons therefore declined it, publishing at the same time a statement of his reasons. Subsequently, the largest and most influential of the local alumni associations, those at Colorado Springs and at Denver, have publicly expressed their dissatisfaction with the action of the trustees or have condemned it, asking at the same time for the unconditional reinstatement of Dean Parsons. The Congregational State Conference at Pueblo, although President Duniway attempted to justify the trustees' position before it, unanimously passed and published strong resolutions condemning the trustees' action. The *Congregationalist*, the official organ of the church under whose auspices Colorado College was founded, has published statements relative to the case, and has severely criticised the attitude of the trustees. The senior class of the College, by a vote of 33 to 5, has recommended the adoption of an arbitration proposal which has been accepted by Dr. Parsons and the faculty, but ignored by the trustees. The Committee on Academic Freedom of the American Association of University Professors has voted to investigate the matter.

These facts in themselves are at once an illustration and a pretty serious indictment of the copper-mine method of running a college. The dismissal of a prominent and long-trusted officer without definite charges or a hearing; the simultaneous publication in the press of false statements regarding him and the whole faculty of the institution; the attempt to seek shelter from criticism by an ambiguous and disingenuous offer of reinstatement; the later cynical indifference to alumni opinion and public opinion in general; these things throw a curious light on the trustees' sense of "responsibility for the material and spiritual welfare of the institution." And yet they are only secondary exhibits. The gist of the matter is not reached until the question is raised, "What is behind all this? What is the real reason for the dismissal of Dean Parsons?"

For a full answer these questions must await the report of the committee of the American Association. Here I can only indicate the answer which a great majority of the faculty and alumni believe to be the true one. It is that the trustees dismissed Dean Parsons as a punishment for the joint action of a large group of faculty members, of whom they regarded him as the leader. A situation involving a grave menace to the moral life of the College was forced upon the attention of four of the older members of the faculty, all men known for their work in their respective fields. They made a careful investigation, which resulted in the discovery of overwhelming evidence of the reality of the danger. The facts were brought to the attention of three influential members of the board of trustees, who apparently agreed with the professors as to the seriousness of the situation, and undertook to see that the only effective remedy should be applied. This agreement they later repudiated; and the four professors laid the facts before a larger group of their colleagues. This group took what they believed and still believe to be the only course that was open to honorable men; they promptly took measures to place the whole situation before every member of the board of trustees. The trustees, however, exhibited an almost incredible moral obtuseness, and an inability to see anything except the risk of losing the half-million-dollar endowment fund which was then being collected. They deeply resented the action of the group of professors; but much against their will, they were at length forced to yield the main point. On various other points, however, including some of great importance, they have broken their agreements; and after the completion of the endowment fund they gave vent to their resentment by the dismissal of Parsons. I may add that the new president, Dr. C. A. Duniway, apparently accepted the position without any investigation of the situation, certainly without any consultation with members of the faculty, and that practically from the outset he made it clear that he was committed to the position of the trustees. The copper-mine theory of administration is still being tested, under a president who seems to have cheerfully accepted it. Its working out will be interesting to watch.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

Urbana, Illinois

Correspondence

THE ESSENCE OF DEMOCRACY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is now some time since Mr. Stewart's answer to Mr. Fite appeared in the columns of the *Nation*, but the subject of free speech in war time continues to be so important that perhaps another word may not be wholly belated. Mr. Stewart, I am afraid, has slid into a very much worn rut in his interpretation of democracy. I take it, of course, that he bases his argument on democratic grounds. We in America at least must, or we shall cut but a sorry figure. Without our democratic legs we have no legs whatever to stand on. The official interpretation of the war has determined that.

Mr. Stewart has fallen into the error of mistaking what seems to him expedient and wise—and what may very well *be* expedient and wise—for the substance of democracy. Most of us, I think, agree that there would be a tragic in-

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convenience in letting Mr. Bertrand Russell stand before a recruiting station and discourage enlistment, while British youths were dying in France for want of reinforcements. But none the less it would be an essentially democratic inconvenience. For in the very nature of the case the thing that keeps a democracy still a democracy after it has put selected men into executive offices is just the right of every citizen to disagree with their policies and turn his own minority into a majority by means of peaceable persuasion. As soon as that right is gone, and those in office can silence by force those who criticise them and who try to raise majorities against them, democracy too has gone, and bureaucracy has taken its place. If we are at war for democracy this freedom of speech is the very thing we are fighting for.

Indeed Mr. Stewart pays a sufficient tribute to this principle as valid in times of peace. What he fails to do is to see that it is no less valid in times of war. For even in war time the civil power must dominate the military. And the nature of the civil power remains unaltered by war. Its only source of authority, its sole sanction, is the uncoerced people. Our American position in this matter is unequivocal, for even if we should have forgotten the essential spirit of democracy, the very officials for whose comfort any suppression of free speech may be supposed to be made have formulated our liberties for us. The President has said that the war is *for* democracy and *against* militarism. It is on those terms that he has won our loyal support. But to abrogate the sanction of civil authority on the score of the needs of the military is to make a vital concession *against* democracy and *for* militarism. It is to create among ourselves the very situation that we are so bitter against among our enemies. As if further to confirm this interpretation, the President, in his classic speech upon the declaration of war, has distinguished between the German people and the German Government, and implied that if the German Government would but listen to the free —not the coerced—will of the German people it would find them strongly disposed towards peace. Really, we can hardly punish as a crime among ourselves what we urge as a virtue upon our enemies.

There is another fallacy which I suspect Mr. Stewart to have dipped into by the way. I refer to the fallacy of supposing that the essence of democracy is the will of the majority. It is a current enough notion. It is, I venture, a fallacy none the less. I dare say it would not be accounted a democratic action—to put an extreme academic case—for the people to elect a permanent autocrat. The will of the majority would be there indeed, but it would not be a democratic will. It is possible for the will of the majority to be for an undemocratic thing. The point of all this is that there is a spirit of democracy, an essence, clearly distinguishable from its outward form. Thus, even if from alarming current indications we should suppose that the majority of the people desire the forcible suppression of the pacifists and of those who criticise the Administration, there is no democratic justification of such action. For just that freedom of expression is the essence of democracy whether the majority wish it or not. When they cease to wish it they will have ceased to wish for democracy.

Mr. Stewart's reluctance to accept his democracy plain comes from his natural desire to have his cake and eat it too—his desire for democracy and yet his desire to do whatever he believes wise whether it is democratic or not. All of us concede inherent faults in democracy—notably the relative inefficiency that comes from the confusing clash of many opinions and many wills. Yet it is just this vital clash of many opinions and many wills that is the pride and the boast of democracy. If it has inherent evils, still they are inherent evils in the thing we believe in, faults and all, and believe in to fight for now for the third time.

SHERLOCK BRONSON CASS

University of Nebraska, October 20

BELGIUM AND "MAGNANIMITY"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading Charles F. Dole's criticism of my letter on the Rape of Belgium, I can only say that I prefer to take the word "magnanimity" in its etymological sense of great-mindedness, and can see no great-mindedness in blinking cruel facts or blurring moral distinctions with regard to the crime of Belgium. It was a crime wholly unprecedented in modern civilized times, but thoroughly paralleled by many acts accompanying it, the enormity of which is almost weekly receiving the most overwhelming evidence from the revelations of the Department of State.

When I speak of blurring moral distinctions, I have in mind just such cases as Mr. Dole's attempt to parallel the present world struggle against the Berlin-Vienna-Constantinople conspiracy with that of the two sides in our Civil War, or the apparent inability of James G. Stevens (*Nation*, No. 2,728, p. 397), to see any essential difference between the present position of Maximilian Harden and that of Senator La Follette. The systematized brutality displayed in Belgium, Northern France, and Armenia, the last with Berlin's full complicity, had absolutely no counterpart in the warfare waged by the South. But Mr. Dole has apparently forgotten for the moment that the "magnanimity" which he praises in that case did not prevent insistence upon some very drastic securities against a recurrence of the trouble. And, however absurd it may seem to Mr. Stevens, the overwhelming majority of friends of freedom in the world today will insist on drawing a radical moral distinction between the use of speech by Maximilian Harden to check the wheels of the machine which has ground the lives out of countless thousands of women and children in Belgium, France, Armenia, and elsewhere, and its use by La Follette to check the wheels that would go to the aid of other countless thousands still in danger of similar brutal destruction.

The one hope that a repetition of the indescribable enormities of Berlin militarism shall be forever hereafter impossible lies in a combination of two things. There must be a world-wide and vivid realization of just what these crimes are and how unprecedentedly enormous they are, and there must also be a convincing demonstration that in the progress of civilization the time has now come when such acts can have no other result than disaster irreparable to those who plan and execute them. Has Mr. Dole tried to imagine a President of the United States, through an American Secretary of State, sending to a Bayard, a Lowell, a Howells, an Andrew D. White, a John W. Foster, a Myron T. Herrick, cipher dispatches giving directions for the criminal destruction of property in the countries to which they were assigned, with the inevitably attendant murder of men and women employed about that property? Has he endeavored to picture in his imagination a Henry van Dyke out in the garden behind his Embassy quarters at dead of night engaged in burying boxes of bombs, and of test tubes filled

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with the germs of deadly disease, with specific written instructions for their use? A man who has not forced his imagination into the attempt to draw just that picture, and then forced his intellect to tell him just why it is beyond the power of imagination in the one case and a fact of current history in the other, has never yet got really into the heart of the great moral issue with which the world is now dealing. Berlin could do with her diplomatic service that which an honorable Government cannot even imagine itself as doing, simply because she had deliberately prepared her diplomatic service for just such work. She did not run the chance of proposing the commission of crime to men whom she did not know to be ready to commit crime. And how terribly complete that criminalization of the personnel of her diplomatic force was, we know from the fact that at none of the many points where criminal action has now been proved did any Berlin diplomat resign rather than do the dastardly work asked of him.

To me, a conclusive reason against any verbal screening of these hideous facts is my firm conviction that President Wilson is right in his belief that the great bulk of the German population is morally capable of an overwhelming revulsion against this brutal debasement of their Government agencies to serve the purpose of the militarist's dream of world domination. This revulsion will come not by using soft and shining speech for facts that are hard and dirty and cruel, thus soothing moral distinctions to sleep, but by keeping the world intensely alive to the naked ugliness of these facts and the identity of those responsible for them—the head of the House of Hohenzollern and the conscienceless military junta by his own choice surrounding him. I have said nothing on this subject more severe than has just been published by a German of the Germans, Dr. Harry Stuermer, who fought on the Kaiser's side for more than two years in this very struggle, and then at the sacrifice of his citizenship and the risk of his life, unable longer to be a part of that at which every fibre of his manhood revolted, deserted from a Government unworthy of any true man's allegiance and fled to neutral soil to denounce the crimes which he had witnessed. His words are but a foretaste of the scathing denunciation which will flow from countless German lips and pens when once those lips and pens are set free by a complete and indisputable victory of the Allies—the one thing which will put an end both to the Hohenzollern dynasty and to the unspeakable crimes of which it stands convicted. When that is done there will be room and welcome in the world for a Germany which can respect itself and win back the now absolutely forfeited respect and confidence of others. Let us not delay that day by cultivating a spirit of fatal folly and softness and falsity which would say, "Oh, well, we're all about as bad. Let's forget it all."

W. H. JOHNSON

Granville, Ohio, October 13

GERMAN TRANSLATION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Within a month I have been told on three occasions—twice by persons of academic rank and engaged in the active profession of professing—that very much of the evidence (German soldiers' letters, etc., as well as German speeches and war philosophy) of German atrocities is the result of ignorant translating.

I should like to raise a question. Why, with so much able teaching—school and college—of the German language as there has been in this country for years past, are so few people able to translate that admittedly difficult language with a fair degree of accuracy?

The plea of inaccurate translation has been, and is, constantly put forth in defence of Germany. It does seem as if the ideas, if not the beauty and elegance of merely ordinary German, might be translated by the ordinary person who has had the advantages of a fair share of all this able teaching, even granted the subject is so exceptionally difficult.

ALFRED M. BROOKS

Indiana University, October 10

BOOKS

Ambassador Gerard's Observations on Germany

My Four Years in Germany. By James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2 net.

THE declaration that Mr. Gerard would write of his experiences in Germany aroused great and natural anticipation. Expectancy was, indeed, tempered by some doubt as to the propriety of such publication, and it was recalled that the question of good taste had before been raised when a predecessor published reminiscences under circumstances a great deal less striking. Nor was this feeling diminished by advertising to foretell the appearance of the parts of his story in a newspaper, since these announcements contained so little that was sensational and extreme. Now, perhaps, some may think that, while no regulation of diplomatic custom has been violated, best taste and finest feeling have been rather ignored; though they who feel so will doubtless join with many others in declaring that the extraordinary and dangerous crisis justifies what will certainly be of public and national service. For we think the telling of this story was a service to the American people; and at a time when there is so much to be read that this is distinctly one of the books to be chosen. It contains little not previously conjectured or in some form seen elsewhere, but the effect is very different and the influence far greater when the relation is by him who had, of all our countrymen, best opportunity to see and to know.

Apparently Mr. Gerard is straightforward, courageous, and sincere; though not one who has by inheritance that aristocratic fineness and grace which the European diplomatic caste so often brings into foreign affairs. In magnificent ceremonial he was doubtless ill at ease; and in reminiscence now he speaks of life at court with the humorous condescension of a plain American man of affairs. We do not imagine him achieving very much by chicanery or intrigue, and we are thankful for it. These pages portray him shrewd, downright, and forceful, and also kindly and humane.

Some of the things which he speaks of must have taken no little courage. He said to the Chancellor: "If I cannot get an answer to my proposition about prisoners, I will take a chair and sit in front of your palace in the street until I receive an answer." In a conversation with von Jagow he intimated that he might go and shoot some of the savage dogs at a prison camp; after which they soon

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disappeared. When it was represented to Bethmann-Hollweg that certain deported Belgians were being forced to make shells contrary to all rules of war and the Hague Conventions, "he said, 'I do not believe it.' I said, 'My automobile is at the door. I can take you, in four minutes, to where thirty Belgians are working on the manufacture of shells.' But he did not find time to go."

The years in Germany were full of cares. The Ambassador was untiring in his efforts to alleviate the lot of prisoners, particularly the English prisoners. The fearful things at Wittenberg are well known now. There he could do little, but after arduous effort and with much difficulty he succeeded in improving conditions in general through an arrangement with the German Government and by repeated visits of inspection. He fails not to praise the authorities for prompt and efficient delivery of packages sent to the prisoners from England; and he declares that at first the Germans, surprised at the large numbers of captives, wanted adequate preparations to receive them. It is nevertheless his judgment that in the beginning prisoners were treated badly; that the Germans did not display much efficiency in dealing with them, and that, in spite of later improvement, the prisoners will return to their homes with deep and bitter hatred of all things German. To a great extent the evil conditions arose, and his efforts for betterment failed, because warring Germany is divided into twenty army corps districts, over each of which is a representative corps commander, clothed with absolute authority, very jealous of his power, and not obliged to report to the War Department. At the time of his departure there were two million captives in the Empire, many of them at work for their conquerors. And he speaks of an evil result: that it is now to the advantage of certain proprietors and manufacturers for the war to continue. The Junkers, obtaining four or five times as much for their products as before the war, are getting their work done by prisoners paid with a pittance. The book abounds in interesting bits of gossip and recollection, in characterizations of great men, and relation of things that they said. The Kaiser is an impressive figure, on great occasions every inch a king. Contrary to general opinion, Mr. Gerard considers the Crown Prince an agreeable man, of respectable intellect, and undoubtedly popular in his country. He believes that von Bethmann-Hollweg is a liberal, who might have attained to far greater power had he resigned rather than consent to the resuming of submarine war unrestricted. The Junkers in the Reichstag are the most important body of conservatives in the world, and Heydebrand, their leader, is known as the uncrowned King of Prussia. Prince Donnersmarck, who, in 1871, advocated taking from France an indemnity of thirty milliards, told the author that at the end of this war so much or more should be exacted. Once the Kaiser remarked that there was no longer any international law, and the Chancellor agreed that this was so.

The description of German government and institutions is excellent; it would be difficult for the ordinary reader to find anywhere a better popular account. The analysis may not appear to be learned or profound, but it has the clearness which comes from actual understanding of operation. The author says many things which our people are beginning to learn: that the German system bears only slight resemblance to real parliamentary government; that actually the Reichstag has little more than the power to debate; that in time of war the military party has absolute control, and that in peace its influence is generally preponderant and immense; that the bulk of the population is kept in the place given it by systems of franchise vicious and old, through the influence of great proprietors who largely hold the land and hold it in tenures lengthy or perpetual like those of the feudal age, by careful control of the press, and by education always directed to conform to the wishes of the class at the top. We recall that at the beginning of the war it was often said that, while Germany did not give to her people the specious liberty of some other lands, she gave them, instead of a false freedom which was license, efficient and orderly government, under which they enjoyed more real comfort, prosperity, and happiness than any other folk, and that her system showed the way to the better condition of peoples hereafter. It is interesting to note the author's belief that German laborers work longer and get less out of life than any other workingmen in the world, and that the laws ostensibly for their protection and so much admired, such as insurance against unemployment, sickness, and old age, are measures which bind them to the soil as effectively as the mediæval serfs were held to their masters' estates. Doubtless this view is not sound, but the comment is none the less striking.

The most important chapters relate to diplomatic affairs, and to the attitude of Germany towards the American people. The author's revelations about state affairs contain little entirely new, for he may not tell a great deal that he would like to relate. Even so, the story is impressive enough. He declares that he had little faith in a final abandoning of ruthless submarine warfare, and when this was for a while put aside felt sure of a future resumption. Apparently much that was yielded to the American Government was for the purpose of getting our President to bring about peace while Germany was still in most favorable position. Often the Chancellor impressed upon Mr. Gerard that Washington must do something towards arranging a peace or public opinion in Germany would compel unrestricted employment of submarines. He believes that orders for beginning it again had already been given while public and diplomatic felicitations were exchanging. "The Germans believed that President Wilson had been elected with a mandate to keep out of war at any cost, and that America could be insulted, flouted, and humiliated with impunity."

What the author has to say about the feeling in Germany towards us is ominous enough. The introductory chapter is almost hysterical. On its appearance it seemed to be part of the effort to terrify our people into sudden action, but after reflection we think much of it little in excess of the truth. He declares that it was von Tirpitz who, advocating ruthless submarine warfare with England, and promising the speedy surrender of that country, stated that, after the capture of the British fleet, a German armada was to sail for America and exact there indemnity enough to pay for the cost of the war. In speaking of the cleverly fostered and universally prevalent hatred in Germany, the author says: "I believe that to-day all the bitterness of the hate formerly concentrated on England has now been concentrated on the United States." And he adds that German-Americans are hated worse than other Americans because they have neither assisted Germany nor kept America out of the war. In respect of our earlier dealings with the Entente, he says: "No German ever forgets this. The

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question of legality or treaties never enters his mind: he only knows that American supplies and munitions killed his brother, son, or father. It is a hate we must meet for long years."

The writing is sometimes careless and oftener somewhat crude. It must be merely a printer's error that tells of Sir Edward Grey in conversation in the streets of Berlin two days before the beginning of the war.

Personal Portraits of Celebrities

In Good Company. By Coulson Kernahan. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50 net.

THIS collection of "personal recollections" superficially resembles but essentially differs from the abundant chirping books and articles about the celebrities of the day. It resembles them in addressing itself to our large interest in the intimate atmosphere and personality as distinguished from the published works and acts of heroes. It differs from them in containing a number of deliberately executed literary portraits, composed and finished with a clear consciousness that portrait painting is a fine art with a technique beyond the reaches of the cheerful chatterbox. Mr. Kernahan tells a number of good stories—a capital one of Lord Tennyson, but he *uses* them, subordinates them to a central artistic intention.

He hangs in his little gallery a spirited impressionistic picture of Swinburne, of which the dominant note is a white-hot intensity manifested in eye and gesture and voice working in fiery denunciation or in ecstatic praise or in the rapture of poetic creation. The likeness is alive to the inner eye and ear—swift, various, nervous, voluble. Mr. Kernahan tries for a picture of Watts-Dunton in five successive essays from different points of view, in each one capturing some characteristic attitude of the elusive sitter, but in none presenting a steady full view of the face. What he brings out most effectively with many a subtle stroke is the nature of Watts-Dunton's relations with Swinburne. With the instinct of a biographical artist he notes the former's "deeply-breathed 'Ah'" as his most expressive signal of appreciation: "Often it was his only comment when Swinburne, head erect, eyes ashine, and voice a-thrill, had in the past stolen into the same room—noiseless in his movements, even when excited—to chant to us some new and noble poem, carried like an uncooled bar of glowing iron direct from the smithy of his brain, and still intoning and vibrating with the deep bass of the hammer on the anvil, still singing the red fire-song of the furnace whence it came."

His "Lord Roberts" he admits is not a portrait but a bit of adoring commemoration. His chapter on the explorer and mountaineer Edward Whymper, on the other hand, is a masterly piece of delineation performed with a cutting precision of stroke that reminds one a little of Suetonius executing the portraits of the Cæsars. In his "Oscar Wilde" there are some signs of indecision: he sets out intending to be just and decidedly more sympathetic than the British public generally, but he cannot resist the temptation to paint in the insincerity and the obstreperous vanity of his subject, and the effect is somewhat dubious and dauby.

"When Stephen Phillips Read," a brief study, is an attempt, and a surprisingly successful one, to present the pure poetic soul of the man as revealed in the exaltation and ardor of his voice. In these later days there is something extraordinary in a poet who in casual conversation defines poetry as "the sublimation, the exaltation of the senses into the soul. It is the forgetting of self, the losing, merging, and fusing of one's very individuality into pure thought, and into visions and revelations of the Truth and the Loveliness that are of God." Kernahan has portrayed here what the mystical Blake might have put on canvas and labelled "a picture of the divine fire." It is not an easy feat. It is quite beyond the reach of a literary gossip. One respects the man who can compass it, and wonders what sort of personality it is that mirrors so brightly the images of fine things, the kindness of warriors, the loyalty of friends, the glow of the poet's mind.

In the last of his portraits, that of S. J. Stone, rector of a London church and author of some famous hymns, Mr. Kernahan presents full length and with admirable energy of expression an example of manly modern Christian chivalry, and incidentally he avows that his long friendship with Stone is the best chapter in his own experience. Stone was not a great genius, but for his friend he filled full of pure and valorous meaning the words, "a Christian, a Churchman, an Englishman, and a gentleman." After all that our young radicals have been saying against the ideas denoted by these four terms, Mr. Kernahan succeeds in leaving one with a strong impression that a man who is genuinely a gentleman, an Englishman, a Churchman, and a Christian has shaped his personality into a character in about as effective a series of moulds as society has yet produced for the humanization of our branch of the simian family. Mr. Kernahan is not so much of a Tory as Stone was, who, like a certain old courtier, would have approved the Order of the Garter because "there is no pretence of damned merit about it"; but one cannot fail to connect his clear and swift recognitions of human excellencies with his declared devotion to Stone's general standards. He paints his realistic portraits with precision because he has something like an ideal man in his mind's eye. He understands what has never dawned upon most of our tedious literary gossips and our loose amorphous-minded literary radicals, namely, that seven-eighths of the value of an appreciation depends directly upon the value of the appreciator, that the definition and measurement of a talent or a character can be made only by a man with measures and definitions, and finally that "a winsome style in prose comes from a man whose heart is good."

The Light that Never Was?

Long Live the King. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Wolf-Lure. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

William, by the Grace of God. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Wanderers. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

ANY person with the knack of docketing might find it necessary to use a number of pigeon-holes in order to straighten out the historical or "costume" novel. There would be the story that tries to revivify the past, the story that tries to interpret life by way of the past, the story that simply makes use of the properties and atmosphere

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of the past for the glamour that is in them, and the story that confers that glamour upon the present (that is to say, the immediate past), by whisking us away from our own dooryard into some enchanted land of fancy. Of the last-named order is the "Long Live the King" of that versatile and always spirited performer, Mary Roberts Rinehart. It may be described as a Zenda story "with a difference." Its scene is the usual little European kingdom; its action involves the familiar elements of court intrigue and popular disaffection. It has its fair Princess who is nearly forced into an unhappy royal alliance, for political reasons, but in the end rather miraculously weds her squire of low degree. But it lacks the usual conquering Anglo-Saxon, his nearest representative being a small American boy who inadvertently gives a happy turn to affairs at the critical moment. The real hero is the Crown Prince, an engaging child, destined, of course, to come safe out of the web of peril that is spun about his unconscious little person. Mrs. Rinehart, who has so keen a sense of fun, succeeds in keeping safely upon the romantic plane, but if she tells her pretty story with a straight face, that is a very different matter from the long face so many story-tellers appear to think necessary or at least adequate for this kind of thing. Here is a tale of humor as well as sentiment: towards the end it imposes a somewhat larger burden upon the good-humored credulity of the reader than the traffic need be called upon to bear.

"Wolf-Lure" is the work of specialists in their field. They have a long and distinguished record as embroiderers upon the past. Their purpose and method are purely romantic. Having chosen their atmosphere, they breathe it easily; and they are seldom to be caught napping (there are a few modernisms in the present dialogue of the present story) in matters of detail. They are masters of the well-made yarn, a commodity with merits and defects as patent as those of the well-made play. The tale is supposed to be told by an old Englishman who as a youthful traveller has had an extraordinary adventure in France. The time is about a century ago, the scene a wild country in the shadow of the Cevennes. Our young Englishman journeys afoot through that country, a youth of distant French ancestry and an archæological bent. He wakes from a nap by the wayside to find himself under the eyes and in some measure under the guard of a fair damsel of the country. She turns out to be a niece of the local noble, the Comte de Ruffeleu-Rozac, an ancient survivor of the *ancien régime*. The tragedy of his life is a lost heir, a son who has been stolen from his cradle, and is known to be alive. The niece is to marry that son when he is found; so that when we say that the Comte takes the young Englishman to be the heir, that the youth is at once enamoured of the niece, and that the real son and heir is in the neighborhood and the secret lover of the niece, we shall have sufficiently suggested the matter of the tale.

The author of "William, by the Grace of God" is a maker of historical romance in the stricter sense. Her habit is not merely to tell a romantic tale in terms of the past, but to deal with certain great events and personages of history. Her manner lacks finish, her syntax is often confused, and she has a distressing trick of printing almost every sentence as a separate paragraph. But her dialogue has dignity, she avoids the pseudo-archaic lingo which so often damns this kind of story. And she is careful of her detail, and not unsuccessful in creating the illusion of atmosphere. It is clear, moreover, that she means not merely to make use of the past, but to interpret it as best she may. She has written several other novels about William of Orange. This one undertakes to follow his personal fortunes from that moment of lowest ebb when, though the power of Philip of Spain seemed to have crushed him forever, he still, as an outcast and a wanderer, clung to those threads of hope and determination which were to lead him to the final triumph of his cause. Through all his career as champion and saviour of the Netherlands, we are to feel his fate creeping upon him, up to the hour when the hand of fanaticism strikes him down. About his doomed figure move the figures of women who, in their several ways, are necessary to him as he is necessary to them. The great Prince is presented throughout as a human and fallible being, a leader more loved than feared, an indifferent soldier, though a great statesman, a cunning intriguer with an honest purpose. Whatever her faults of taste, this writer shows a power of projecting character which is rare among her fellow-workmen in this field.

Miss Johnston's new book shows the same primary weakness that we have found in all her work. This is the weakness of the long face. We do not ask for laughter, but oh, for a gleam of humor now and then, to ease us of our portentous gravity! Permit us to take the world seriously without taking it funereally! We suspect that Miss Johnston's later work has bored a good many people who have approached it with the best intentions. It has no light and shade; it is all done with the down stroke. "The Wanderers" is uncommonly hard reading. There is something ruthless in its incessant demand upon our last shred of emotional response. Properly, it is not a novel, but a series of tales out of the past strung together upon the thread of a single idea or moral. It is a history of Woman as feminism sees her, of Woman not independent of man, but groping slowly through the ages towards recognized equality and true union with man. Essentially, of course, she is equal —and a little more so! From the first of the score of episodes, or phases, here chronicled, in which the forest-woman is shown discovering weapons and fire, and suffering for her discovery, we see her always as the mental and spiritual leader of the race, we see her rising towards an acknowledged equality, and man rising towards an actual equality, each with other. Every pair whose story is here chronicled is represented as in some sense reëmbodying those who have gone before, making progress in the direction of a perfect self-realization and a perfect union. Finally, as they move towards their end through the Paris streets in a tumbril of the Terror, man and woman are to sum up the matter for us in this none too intelligible fashion:

> "Jean and Espérance sat side by side. 'When this day, too, shall be one of many past days—and we strike the note again and recall it, and say, "Even then the bitter bore the sweet. . . ."'
>
> "'Together. . . . The widening ring of the together. Fused—the this and the that, the we and they fused. . . . Then is born the immortal being of all the memories! Then begins the deep adventure of that That!'
>
> "'Are you woman—am I man? We are one!'
>
> "'Are these who go with us others? . . .'"

Truly, the reader may find himself reflecting (a trifle light-minded, perhaps, in the relief of relaxation as he closes the book) not yet has the ouija-board a monopoly of oracular utterance—Patience Worth herself has "nothing on this"!

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A Brave Type of Oriental Viceroy

Li Hung-chang. By J. O. P. Bland. Makers of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Basil Williams. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

THERE are indications in this life of Li that the Mid-Victorian Englishman has not entirely disappeared from China to-day. Mr. Bland does not himself date from a period so remote as the Arrow War—the climax of the Palmerston policy in Asia—but his treatment of his subject recalls a time when familiarity with life at the treaty ports was enough literary capital for the ordinary authority on Chinese affairs and real acquaintance with their history and ideas was left to the missionaries. The author of a memoir that in another country might seem to require some study of its public life is content to exhibit its subject as a curiosity to Occidental eyes, leaving the conditions and *milieu* which produced a famous Oriental politician almost unnoticed. No new material about Li has been unearthed, no advance has been made towards obtaining Chinese estimates of the man, no approach towards any but an Englishman's point of view is attempted. The result of his essay in biography is desultory as history and disappointing as a final judgment of the mandarin whom Europe came to know best of his generation. On the other hand, it is fair to add that the book is easily read and that it portrays a rather splendid type of the Oriental viceroy, arrogant and venal, but not without bonhomie and a kind of cunning much above that of his fellows in dealing with unknown elements coming into Chinese life from abroad. It is a type that is thought by the West to be contemptuous of Occidental matters, yet we do not find this or any other motive to be a controlling factor in the complex character that the author attempts to appraise.

Li himself seems to be as much of an enigma to his biographer at the end of his analysis as at the beginning. He finds him at the age of thirty appointed to the staff of Gen. Tseng Kwo-fan in operations against Tai-ping rebels. So far as foreign observers in China were aware, this was his first appearance upon the platform of public life, and here our story begins, because the author has discovered no trustworthy data upon his early youth. Incidentally it is worth noting that he refers with some compunction to the "Memoirs" of the Chinese statesman compiled by Mr. Mannix in 1913, and since branded as a fraud. If the work is fraudulent, we are justified in asking why it should be offered in evidence at all. It is hard to imagine that a *Hanlin* could have remained unknown to his countrymen at the age of thirty, or to believe, as we are told, that the secret of his success in life lay merely "in his ability to handle the Chinese brush-pen with the skill of an artist." If we had access to sources which undoubtedly still exist in China, we should find that he was from the first a youth marked by his contemporaries as possessing unusual promise, which, supported by clan and provincial backing, practically insured him success. But we learn nothing more about the young statesman here than we knew before. His biographer is content with the information that Li's education left him ignorant of everything that lay beyond the range of the stereotyped curriculum of Chinese scholarship. In other words, his preparation was like that of every other mandarin, yet "it was given him to learn more quickly than any of his colleagues that neither artistic penmanship nor a profound knowledge of the classics would henceforth protect China's rulers against the mechanical inventions of the West." This is not entirely convincing; Li's subsequent experience, not his foresight, brought this truth home. It is almost impossible for the European living familiarly with these mechanical inventions to realize the obstacles in the path of a Chinese underling official who tried to understand them sixty years ago. The cloak of inherited culture has ever been heavy when worn by many successive generations, but it has never been so thick in the older nations of Europe as in China, because Western peoples have always had neighbors with cultures comparable to their own; China has had none. The Chinese have provided themselves with a polity on the whole admirably fitted to their needs; it was their own creation and had stood them in good stead for more centuries than the Roman Empire had endured; but, not being borrowed or adopted like that of Japan, it could not readily be replaced when the world of China suddenly swung into the orbit of a world without.

However, the mental attitude of Chinese intellectuals is not the question here; the riddle of Li's career under such surroundings is his share in realizing the truth about China's predicament. If he perceived it himself before coming into contact with foreigners at Shanghai, he was a genius; if he was enlightened by others, we should like to know the Chinese statesman before 1860 who could venture a hint to him of the menace without and within the Empire. There is nothing in Li's subsequent activities to inspire our belief in his political prescience at the age of thirty. He seems to have been acute and impressionable, but he never showed great moral daring, it is likely that Tseng Kwo-fan was the first to recognize the future need and to propose enlisting foreigners for service against the Tai-ping rebels; Li's only part here and subsequently in the development of the new idea was to employ foreign specialists whenever and as far as he thought it safe to do so. Current Chinese opinion, at least, does not credit him with originating the policy. Had he possessed intelligence enough to appreciate the full meaning of what our world could teach his, he would have found a European to instruct him, or have gone abroad—perhaps with the Burlingame Mission—to learn the secrets of the West at first hand.

Such as it is, then, the paradox of Li's reputation does not find a solution in these pages. He is thought to be a great man by most of the world outside of Asia, but what did he do and what do Asiatics think of him? If there is any material hidden in Chinese books that justifies the editor of this series in listing him among the "makers of the nineteenth century," Mr. Bland has not discovered or used it. A few years ago he had the good fortune to publish, in association with Mr. Backhouse of Peking, a series of translated documents that revealed the great Empress Dowager as she really was. His success then may have spoiled us for anything less startling and important in the way of a biography, but the contrast between the two books is notable. The Empress, indeed, deserves a place among the makers of the last century; her favorite Minister does not. He might rank in the estimation of intelligent Chinese about as James G. Blaine ranks in the opinion of Americans to-day; it is no reflection upon either statesman to say that he was not the Pitt or the Cavour of his generation, or one of the "makers" of his century. The custom of the decadent Manchus in Peking of leaving all initiative to any one who would accept the responsibility of action provided opportunity for an op-

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portunist like Li. His was the type of brilliant but rather flippant mind without much character that would dare fortune and often win a hazard where stronger men would lose, but when the court failed to support him or declined to provide means for carrying out expensive plans, the gambler-statesman without moral maintenance was bound to meet defeat in the end. The disastrous failure of his policy in Korea culminating in the war with Japan would have extinguished him had it not been for the personal favor of the Empress and the bribing of her eunuch Li Lien-ying. We cannot, of course, lay all the blame of these misadventures to the Viceroy, yet they were the supreme test of his stewardship, a complete revelation of his inefficiency which erased his claim to greatness in the minds of his countrymen. In the collapse of his policies he became thereafter a mere henchman of the sovereign, who restored him to a modified control and let him travel abroad in state; but he was no longer, what Chang Chih-tung became, a representative of China's intellectual aristocracy. When he arose for a final effort in his old age to arrest the victorious Europeans in the capital, he strove no longer for his country but for his discredited mistress. What salvage work was accomplished for China in the peace pourparlers of 1900-1901 was done not by Li, but by the Americans—though Mr. Bland would never tell this in Gath. So far as well-informed Chinese judge the situation, the Empress mourned but did not greatly miss him when he died during the negotiations, nor is there much basis for the author's reflection, couched in classic Mid-Victorian newspaper English, that "there could be no better testimony to the foresight and shrewdness of Li Hung-chang than the rapid decline of China's fortunes since his death. The blear-eyed ineptitude of the fossilized mandarins who directed the nation's affairs after the passing of Tzu Hsi afforded Japanese diplomacy opportunities which could never have been realized had Li remained to direct China's foreign relations."

Notes

AMONG the forthcoming publications which Messrs. George Allen & Unwin announce are "Towards Industrial Freedom," by Edward Carpenter; "Democracy After the War," by John A. Hobson; "Japan at the Cross Roads," by A. M. Pooley; "The Treasures of Coal Tar," by Prof. Alexander Findlay.

The following volumes are announced by Houghton Mifflin Company for publication on November 3: "Our Square and the People In It," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "Three's a Crowd," by William Caine; "Crumps: The Plain Tale of a Canadian Who Went," by Captain Louis Keene; "The Next of Kin, Stories of Those Who Watch and Wait," by Nellie L. McClung; Poems of Frank Dempster Sherman, with biographical and critical introduction by Clinton Scollard; "Tales of the Persian Genii," by Frances Jenkins Olcott, and "Surprise House," a story for boys and girls, by Abbie Farewell Brown.

MR. THERON G. STRONG, author of "Joseph H. Choate" (Dodd, Mead; $3 net), frankly explains that this is not "a complete biography of Mr. Choate, much less an authorized biography." He did, however, have the use of material which Mr. Choate placed at his disposal. This relates partly to the few pages given to Mr. Choate's ancestry, boyhood, and bringing up, but much more to the public career of the lawyer and Ambassador. Mr. Choate preserved "scrap-books" which he turned over to Mr. Strong. The result is necessarily a somewhat scrappy work. Parts of it were obviously written before Mr. Choate's death, and are printed as they stood. There are appreciations of Mr. Choate's work and position as a member of the bar, explanations of his failure to obtain political recognition, many familiar samples of his witty sayings, and a full account of his activities as Ambassador to England and, later, in many forms of philanthropy, winding up with his intense interest in the great war. This last filled the final months of his life to the very end, which it doubtless hastened. But the bulk of the book is made up of extracts from Mr. Choate's legal arguments and public speeches.

OBVIOUSLY, as the biographer himself points out, this volume leaves much untold. Mr. Choate's education; his family life; his letters; the causes which held him; his reading; the reaction on his mind and heart of the long pageant of public life which he witnessed for eighty-five years—these and other themes remain for some other hand to elaborate. Meanwhile, Mr. Strong must be thanked for bringing out of his storehouse of personal recollections and of available records, things new and old to quicken remembrance of the man whose personality was too vivid ever to be brought to print.

"WHAT Is Man? And Other Essays," by Mark Twain, is an aftermath of sixteen papers representing the intellectual byplay of a big restless mind (Harper; $1.75 net). Many of the essays have previously appeared in various periodicals, but the most interesting of them, "What Is Man?" has, we believe, enjoyed only a limited circulation. This titular piece, a long philosophical dialogue between a Young Man and an Old Man, sets forth that doctrine of mechanical fore-ordination which haunted and somewhat darkened the author's imagination, and which explains in some degree the "pessimism" felt by many readers to be present in the recently published "Mysterious Stranger." It appears here also in the illuminating autobiographical paper, "The Turning-Point of My Life." Two of the papers are half-humorous essays in pedagogy: "How to Make History Dates Stick," "English as She is Taught." Two of them are footnotes to history: "The Memorable Assassination" and "A Scrap of Curious History." One is a serious literary appreciation, "William Dean Howells," and one is a humorous piece of musical depreciation, "At the Shrine of St. Wagner." There are also little excursions on bicycle-riding, tobacco, spelling reform, and theological interpretation. Nothing human is foreign to this ranging curiosity.

THE preceding miscellany throws a certain light upon the last of the items, the well-known discussion, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" Mr. Paine remarks in the biography that "Mark Twain had the fullest conviction as to the Bacon authorship of the Shakespeare plays." Has it occurred to any one that this paper may be an elaborate joke? Mark Twain raises the question, with apparent gravity, whether a man with Shakespeare's dramatic business could have found time to acquire by legal practice the expert knowledge of law revealed in the works attributed to the man of Stratford; and he answers in the negative. Then with

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an equal appearance of gravity he asks us to believe that a man with Bacon's legal, philosophical, and literary business could have found time to write the plays printed in the First Folio. At various points he invites a comparison between his own career and that of Shakespeare, ostensibly in support of the Baconians; but the more one reflects on this hint the more possible it seems that his Baconian heresy is a hoax—like the solitary bird "Oesophagus"—designed to make the public, including his biographer, gasp and swallow. While this copious man of letters is denying his Elizabethan brother's capacity for mastering one alien art and lingo, he is himself actually flaunting in the face of the reader his own perfect mastery of three or four alien arts and lingos—the printer's, the river navigator's, the silver miner's, and the gold miner's; and to these he might have added the publisher's, the lecturer's, and the traveller's. So that the actual force of the parallel is to expose the absurdity of those who gape with incredulity when they are told that a "literary fellow" of Stratford (or Hannibal) may easily carry under his hat a variety of special knowledges, each one of which a mediocrity must spend a lifetime to gain.

DR. WILL DURANT, though an instructor in philosophy, holds philosophy in very low esteem indeed—this being, in fact, one of the amusing phenomena that have sprung from the Deweyesque brand of pragmatism. So much, at least, is clear from his treatise on "Philosophy and the Social Problem" (Macmillan; $1.50 net). The philosopher, to be of any service to himself or the world, must raze the tablets of the past, forget all the problems that have perplexed the sages, and come down into the cave. In his public capacity, for the ancient philosopher's study of ideas he must make himself master of the science of facts as bearing on social questions; privately, in place of the virtue of self-restraint so much lauded by the monkish teachers of the past, he must achieve a noble liberty. As for the first of these two propositions, we have no quarrel with science or even with so-called "scientific" sociology, but we should still like a small place in the sun reserved for philosophy as it has been taught and practiced for some thousands of years. The question even occurs, why a teacher of philosophy who despises his heritage does not change his profession, or at least his title. As for the second proposition, touching private morals, we cannot forego some suspicion of a liberty which is thus expounded:

> Virginity, chastity, conjugal fidelity, gentility, obedience, loyalty, kindness, self-sacrifice, are the stock-in-trade of all respectable moralists; to be "good" is to be harmless, to be not "bad," to be a sort of sterilized citizen, guaranteed not to injure. This sheepish innocuousness comes easily to the natively uninitiative, to those who are readily amenable to fear and prohibitions. It is a static virtue; it contracts rather than expands the soul; it offers no handle for development, no incentive to social stimulation and productivity.

NOW we protest that our "misosopher," as he might call himself, has rather caricatured the virtues of conjugal fidelity and gentility and kindness; we confess to some timidity before the sort of "social stimulation and productivity" that should displace those virtues. If we were not ourselves devotees of gentility and kindness, we might even suggest that the parents of boys have some right to inquire into much of the Freudism (as at Harvard) and radical Pragmatism (as at Columbia and elsewhere) that is held up before immature minds as a substitute for philosophy. Alas, Philosophy—*povera e nuda vai.*

IN the growing bibliography of Latin-America we have learned to welcome the Publications in History issued by the University of California. The latest addition to this series, "José de Gálvez, Visitor-General of New Spain (1765-1771)," fully maintains the high standard set by its fellows. Mr. Priestly aims to give us the setting in Old and New Spain that made a general visitation both desirable and necessary, and then to describe in detail the most famous occurrence of the sort during the Bourbon régime. The personality of the visitor-general naturally exercised a determining influence upon his mission, and this is revealed in sufficient measure to impart a human element that most institutional histories lack. A portrait of Gálvez, a view of his birthplace, a sketch of his life, showing the chief steps in his advancement, his family connections and titles, his chief opponents and supporters, his nepotism and time-serving methods, and his persistence in the course of action that he had marked out for himself emphasize the personal side of the narrative. Two introductory chapters describe conditions in Spain under the Bourbons, when French influences were gradually supplanting English and making for a more productive, if not more acceptable, governmental régime; and in the Mexican viceroyalty where incompetence and graft flourished under an outworn colonial system. The summary description of this system constitutes one of the most valuable features of the book. Mr. Priestly gives both historical setting and the personal side without losing sight of his two chief objects—to describe in detail the six fruitful years that Gálvez spent in New Spain, and to present a careful résumé of fiscal administration in that colony, both before and after the work of the visitor-general. He summarizes the existing treatises on the fiscal system in a long final chapter comprising nearly a fourth of his text. The topical treatment of the visitation proper affords a clear presentation of affairs of immediate interest, such as the expulsion of the Jesuits, revenue reforms, the extension and protection of the frontier (later placed under a separate *commandancia general),* and the introduction of the system of *intendencias.* At the same time the narrative reveals some of the conditions that produced, a generation later, the wars of independence. A sketch map that might profitably have contained more names, the instructions to Gálvez, a full bibliography, and adequate index complete the volume, and with ample footnotes make it a desirable contribution to Latin-American institutional history.

WE take up with no small interest a study of Ausonius by a nun evidently of French lineage. Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph.D., professor of Latin in the College of Saint Elizabeth, has written "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius" (Columbia University Press; $1.25). Ausonius was himself very French, with a decided preference for the smiling landscape of Bordeaux to the fogs *au delà du Rhin;* his Christianity was of a light-hearted Gallic sort, misunderstood by most of his modern interpreters. On that point, we are sorry to find, Sister Marie pays too much deference to her German and English authorities. She cannot escape the fact that he subscribed to fourth-century orthodoxy, but she finds that his religious outlook is "largely tinged with

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the spirit of Paganism." If by Paganism is meant a genial familiarity with the old Classics and the perpetuation now and then of questionable *jeux d'esprit*, the circle of literary Pagans must be considerably enlarged—certainly by the addition of the Dean of St. Patrick's—and Christian humanism be confined to Puritans. We should recognize, rather, that Christianity in the fourth century, as in the Age of Anne, tolerated interestingly divergent types. The Church was large enough for philosophers like St. Augustine, scholars like Jerome, and playful poetasters like Ausonius. Sister Marie applies a somewhat too rigid standard to Ausonius's literary achievements. Nobody has thought him a great poet; he did not think so himself. But when he calls the letters that drip from his pen "black little daughters of Cadmus," one should not castigate "a strange description of the simple act of writing," but remark, whether the reader is amused or not, that "Ausone s'amuse." Sister Marie's performance is true to her title. She has most industriously assimilated the contents of Ausonius's poems, and made mosaics of the details under the rubrics of Life of Ausonius, Friends and Correspondence, The Poet and His Works, History of the Text, and Metre and Prosody. An impeccable bibliography completes this praiseworthy task. If we search for Ausonius himself, however, we find, instead, *disiecti membra poetæ*. There is more of the living Ausonius, man, poet, and Frenchman, in two essays of Camille Julian, noted in the bibliography, but not very apparent in the text. Still, as a guide to the reading of our author, these *prolegomena* have their place.

OF all the colloquial dialects of Arabia, that of Egypt has been most fully studied. Only the work of Stumme on the modern speech of Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers can in any way compare with that of Spitta, Willmore, and Spiro on the present-day tongue of Egypt. Of these Spitta broke the ground in an investigation and statement which were as epoch-making, and that not simply for Arabic or Semitic but for all study of popular linguistic usage, as was Lane's description of the modern Egyptians for the life and customs of peoples. Willmore and Spiro, while correcting and adding to his results, sought to make their books not only statements of fact but hand-books for study. But the teaching of living languages has now become a highly specialized art based on, but quite separate from, the old-fashioned labors of the grammarian and lexicographer. Phonetics and recognition of the automatic processes of speech and memory have come to their own and Prendergast in the shades must feel that his method has virtually won. Yet, even so, such a thorough-going modern book as the "Egyptian Colloquial Arabic" (Cambridge, England: Heffer) of W. H. T. Gairdner is a little startling. It does not even begin with the time-honored Arabic letters, the one-time terror of so many, but with a table of Egyptian Arabic sounds in the international phonetic alphabet. There are no formal paradigms and few grammar rules, and the exercises throughout are connected narrative or questions and answers. The exercises, in fact, *are* the books and are in Arabic sentences from the beginning. A teacher, of course, is presupposed, for the method is the oral and the direct, but any one who knows some literary Arabic will easily find his way alone. The few pages on pronunciation take phonetic training rather for granted, and the vowel illustrations with English words on p. 4 may lead far astray. But the author evidently sees the gap and has a phonetic handbook in preparation. The book is, in its way, almost as epoch-making as that of Spitta; it shows, for all its modernity, very careful scholarship and it may be thoroughly recommended. The home-staying Arabist will probably get good results by combining it with Spitta's "Contes Arabes."

IN O. W. Smith's "Trout Lore" (Stokes; $2 net), the angler will find a convenient *vade mecum* written, as the author explains, by "an angler, not a crass fisherman." He writes with charm upon an old theme, and fearlessly raises many debatable questions. On the important one of stocking, we are glad to come across his disapproval of the prevalent custom of stocking streams frequented by speckled trout with the voracious "rainbow." The inevitable result, as the author maintains and as we have also verified, is that since the rainbow is a fish feeder, a devourer of minnows, in such a stream the bulk of his feed is invariably the minnow of his speckled brother. Where the two varieties are introduced into the same stream, it is only a question of time when the speckled trout will disappear. And where is there an American fisherman who has not a sentimental love for this vanishing native of Eastern waters? Thus a chapter on the true native and his salmon cousin the brown or European trout, now rapidly succeeding to his glorious estate, should prove of interest to anglers who know the subtle, culinary divergence between them, as well as to those who are engaged in the important task of stocking American waters. Mr. Smith's conclusion concurs with that formed by all anglers: "Salmon trout for sport, but brook trout, *i. e.*, char, for the table." There are interesting, chatty pages on the classical subject of fly and bait fishing, with notes that should prove valuable to both Eastern and Western anglers.

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Notes from the Capital

Hiram W. Johnson

WHETHER the son of Hiram Johnson, Senator from Californa, welcomed or regretted his call to the colors under the draft, he ought to make a bold soldier boy if ancestry counts for anything; for neither his father nor his grandfather ever kept out of a fight when there was any chance of getting into one. The grandfather, Grove L. Johnson, had fought his way up to a position of responsibility in Congress, when his arch-enemy, William R. Hearst, dug up a few of the sins and shortcomings of his youth and made them into ammunition with which to bombard the old man and drive him from public life. Johnson, though forced eventually down the hill, did not hasten his descent at the bidding of his foe, but fought every inch of the way. Hiram, chafing as a young lawyer to meet an adversary worth tackling, saw his chance when, in the midst of the graft trial of "Abe" Ruef, the San Francisco boss, the chief prosecutor was shot; and, leaping into the breach, he finished the job in good style, and was recognized at once as a coming leader. Then he picked out the Southern Pacific Company as a promising target for attack, and announced without ceremony that he was going to run for Governor at the first opportunity, because in the Governorship he would have a chance to do what he most desired. The Southern Pacific Company, to which, more than to any other single agency, California owed her development from an aggregation of mining camps and happy-go-lucky pastoral ranches into a rich and important industrial State, had grown drunk on its success, and insisted on controlling the public affairs as well as the private business of the communities it had built up. Hiram adopted as his slogan, therefore: "Drive the Southern Pacific out of politics!" And to this tune he marched, with a robust majority of voters behind him, into the Capitol at Sacramento. It was undoubtedly with the notion that he could be equally useful at Washington in interstate commerce legislation regulative of the railway companies handling Pacific Coast traffic that the people who had supported him for the Governorship sent him, some months ago, to the United States Senate.

The question will suggest itself to many minds, whether as a matter of principle it is much better to have the avowed enemy of a particular corporation in a seat of great public responsibility than one of its avowed friends. But, passing that over, let us take a peep into the Senate and see what Johnson looks like. Seeing him anywhere else, you might be a trifle uncertain whether he were a business man engaged in putting a competitor out of the running or an evangelical clergyman of the most positive views. Thickset, large-headed, smooth-shaven, with keen blue-gray eyes that gaze steadily at you through the shiniest of spectacles, you realize that you are in the presence of a man with an inventive gift in language. His mouth tells you of his combativeness; and the way the jaws come together with a snap when the tongue behind them has finished a not very agreeable pronouncement conveys a suggestion of vicious possibilities in warfare which might well give an antagonist pause. If he talked from behind a beard and moustache, as his father used to, half the effectiveness would leak out of his vocabulary of invective, which now reminds one of Billy Sunday's commentaries on the Devil. A little study of his physiognomy and manner of speech will make it plain why he has been so influential a factor in the upheaval of a State that likes its semi-tropical politics seasoned with oratorical spices that grip the popular palate.

In his legal practice, Senator Johnson made his greatest mark as a jury lawyer, not as an expounder of technical abstractions to a learned court. There is reason to believe, therefore, that he will feel himself somewhat under a curb in the Senate, where, in spite of the recent inflow of the La Follette-Reed-Gronna type of recruits, there is still some respect for the chamber's ancient traditions of restraint. It is doubtful whether his contributions to the debates will sound as well as they will read in the printed reports. On the stump he has been famous not only for such sweeping attacks as his description of President Taft as "the most pitiful figure in our political history," but for his adroitness in beguiling his hearers with his moderation in the first half of a speech, only to swell their surprise when he digs the long, sharp claws of his rhetoric into his opponent's vitals in the last half. Ingalls, of Kansas, was the latest exponent of this art in the Senate before Johnson came. Tillman is too rough-hewn, La Follette too insignificant of presence, Reed too absurdly puerile, to produce the results they have aimed at with their abuse of measures or men, except to the extent that a mouse may halt the course of empire by gnawing holes in a state paper. Some of the politicians have picked him out for the Republican nomination for President in 1920. That campaign, however, is two years distant, and meanwhile the Senator's critics are still ringing the changes on sundry extraordinary coincidences of the last one.

TATTLER

Reviews of Plays

"THE TORCHES"

THE most ambitious attempt at serious drama seen in New York this season, Henry Bataille's play "The Torches," in an English translation by Charlton Andrews, had its opening production last week at the Bijou Theatre. That the drama cannot be called an unqualified success is not the fault of the management, which offered an able representation, especially in the acting of Lester Lonergan, in our judgment the most finished performance New York has seen this autumn. The shortcomings must be laid at the door of the author, who has failed through his excessive care for the reputation of the central character. He desired his name to be smirched as little as possible and at the same time picked him to be the victim of a sordid tragedy. The result is like the kingdom that fell through the loss of a horseshoe nail. The whole seems too much the outcome of accident.

The plot, in brief, centres upon the career of Professor Bouget, a scientist who has discovered a serum that bids fair to check the ravages of cancer and who, before the play ends, is the recipient of the Nobel prize. In a moment of impulse he has violated the honor of his amanuensis, a Hungarian girl who in her own land has had one other such experience. Though she is madly in love with him, it is evident that his act was, as he expresses it, merely a gesture; for his wife, who is the partner of his scientific labors, he still retains his adoration. And so, when the latter in order to allay rumor, suggests the mar-

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riage of Edwige to Dr. Blondel, his great friend and co-worker, Bouget finally consents after ascertaining that in general Blondel looks upon such a slip as Edwige's first in a charitable spirit. The various steps need not be recounted by which Blondel and the Professor's wife at length learn of Bouget's part in the girl's story. A duel follows, in which Bouget is mortally wounded, yet before dying he virtually succeeds in persuading his wife and his antagonist to forget the past and to carry on his scientific work together.

The most gripping portion of the play is the dialogue in the final act, in which Bouget dwells upon the irony of the whole situation: Here are two philosophers who all their lives have striven in their scientific research to outwit and surpass traditional habits of thought and who because of a momentary lapse on the part of one of them find themselves the silly victims of the most elementary of conventions. The irony is well pointed, yet this avails merely to put the blame for the tragedy upon the constitution of society. To make the drama of this piece poignant in a personal sense the author should not have drawn his hero as the puppet of chance impulse. As he stands, he is something of the superman ruined by a misadventure which has not touched his heart. F.

SPECTACLE

A FEW years ago such a spectacle as "Chu Chin Chow," staged at the Manhattan Opera House, might have been expected to create a sensation in New York. It is a magnificently dressed-up version of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" made by the English actor, Oscar Asche, and brought to this country at great expense. The scenic gorgeousness is profuse, and the thread of the story is kept unbroken. Yet the fact that the emphasis was laid upon the spectacle, instead of upon the exotic fancy governing the actions of individuals, puts this play roughly in the same class with such elaborate productions as "The Whip," "The Wanderer," "Experience," and the "Scheherazade" of the Russian Ballet. After the striking color effects wrought by Joseph Urban and Bakst New York was not to be startled by "Chu Chin Chow." It is a pity that the play was not worked out with more attention to the quaint imagination of the story; if, like "Treasure Island," it had been made to appeal primarily to youth, it would have appealed more to adults. F.

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Finance

Our New War Bonds and the Market

ON Thursday of last week $200,000 of the new 4 per cent. war bonds sold on the curb, deliverable when issued, at par, and they sold slightly above par this week. This happened while the 3½ per cents were selling on the Stock Exchange between 99.80 and 99.96. How will the new bonds fare, now that the subscription is closed?

On June 15, the day when the lists closed for the 3½ per cents, the bonds sold "when issued" as high as 101.2 and as low as 99.96. They fell to 99.32 on August 3 (their lowest figure), rose to 100.30 on September 29 (the highest), and are now back at the trifling discount above mentioned. When the 4 per cents bring par, this is at least illogical; for, on the one hand, the 3½s are convertible par for par into the 4s, and, on the other hand, are exempt from income super-tax, as the 4 per cents are not.

Their future variation in relation to the 4s will doubtless be guided largely by the future tax-rates. But prices of war loans have moved somewhat curiously. Of England's three classes of war loans, the 3½ per cents, issued in 1914 at 95, touched 94⅝ in 1915 and 82¼ in 1916, and they have lately sold on the London Stock Exchange at 85¾. Those which are still outstanding are no longer convertible into loans at a higher rate.

The 4½s, issued at par in 1916, have risen to 100¾ and fallen to 89¾; they were selling last week at 100½. The 5 per cents, issued last January at 95, declined to 93 27-32, but now sell at 95½. Both of the two last-named issues are fully taxable, which makes the wide difference between their present prices rather puzzling. The 4½ per cents are redeemable in 1925, the 5s only in 1929; but the main tendency seems to be for the bonds to hold around their price of issue.

Germany's War Loan

THE announcement last week that the seventh German war loan, subscriptions for which closed on October 18, had brought in a total of 12,430,000,000 marks, or nominally $3,107,500,000, raised some familiar questions. A total war debt of 72,416,300,000 marks, or $18,104,000,000, has now been created in the seven war loans. On this amount, which excludes Treasury bills outstanding or discounted at the Reichsbank, the annual interest charge is, roughly, $900,000,000. Early in 1916, when Germany was still refusing to impose any heavy war taxation on its people (being still obsessed with the idea of making France and England pay the German war expenses through a stupendous indemnity), it was estimated that about one-sixth of the proceeds of its war loans had to be used to meet interest on the existing war debt.

In another year or two, one-fourth would have to be thus used. Last April, the German Government began to put on additional taxes. Those on coal, transportation, and war profits were estimated to bring in $312,000,000. In the fiscal year ending March 31, 1914, the Empire's revenue from all sources except loans was $851,000,000, including $220,000,000 from post and telegraph and $41,000,000 from railways. In neither of the two succeeding years

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did total ordinary revenue, according to the budget estimates, rise above $830,000,000.

In the budget for the year ended last March, the "special war taxes" brought the ordinary revenue up to $915,000,000; but, as this included $260,000,000 of gross revenue from railways, post and telegraph, and printing office, against which there were maintenance charges totalling $218,000,000, it left barely $700,000,000 net. But with interest payments now $900,000,000, this means that even the increased Imperial revenue falls short by about $200,000,000 annually of meeting interest on the war debt; and meantime Treasury bills and new war loans follow one another on the market. Furthermore, the annual interest on that debt now exceeds by nearly $50,000,000 the entire Imperial revenue of the year before the war.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

Adams, J. Q. Shakespearean Playhouses. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
American-Jewish Year-Book. Edited by S. D. Oppenheim. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Baker, A. E. Shakespeare Dictionary. Part II: "As You Like It." Taunton, England: Privately printed.
Bennett, A. Books and Persons. Doran. $2 net.
Bulfinch, T. The Age of Fable. Crowell. $1 net.
Espey, C. E. The Possible You. Abingdon Press. 50 cents.
Freedom After Ejection. Edited by A. Gordon. Longmans, Green.
Handbook of New England. 1917. Boston: Porter E. Sargent.
Letters about Shelley. Edited by R. S. Garnett. Doran. $2 net.
Loram, C. T. The Education of the South African Native. Longmans, Green. $2.
Monahan, M. New Adventures. Doran. $2 net.
Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents. Knopf. $1.50 net.
Out of Their Own Mouths: Utterances of German Rulers, etc. Appleton. $1 net.
Owen, M. B. The Secret of Typewriting Speed. Chicago: Forbes. $1 net.
Potter, M. A. Four Essays. Harvard University Press. $1.25 net.
Quartermaster and Ordnance Supply. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.
Richardson, R. C., Jr. West Point. Putnam. $2 net.
Scarborough, D. The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction. Putnam. $2 net.
Seven Weeks in Hawaii. By an American Girl. San Francisco: John J. Newbegin.
Soldier's Service Dictionary. Edited by F. H. Vizetelly. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Sonneck, O. G. Catalogue of First Editions of Edward MacDowell. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Stevenson, W. Y. At the Front in a Flivver. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Wiener, L. Contributions Toward a History of Arabico-Gothic Culture. Neale Publishing Co. $3.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Coe, G. A. A Social Theory of Religious Education. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Kingman, H. The Faith of a Middle-Aged Man. Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Kuhns, O. The Peaceful Life: A Study in Spiritual Hygiene. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
McComb, S. God's Meaning in Life. Harper. 75 cents net.
Reischauer, A. K. Studies in Japanese Buddhism. Macmillan. $2 net.
Rhinelander, P. M. The Gospel of the Kingdom. Philadelphia: Winston. 50 cents.
Sailors' and Soldiers' Books of Worship. Abingdon Press.
Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1918. By the Monday Club. Pilgrim Press. $1.15.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Egerton, H. E. British Foreign Policy in Europe. Macmillan. $2 net.
Latin America and the United States. Addresses by Elihu Root. Harvard University Press. $2.50 net.
Tagore, R. Nationalism. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Clark, C. E. My Fifty Years in the Navy. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Elliott, C. B. The Philippines. 2 vols. Bobbs-Merrill. $9 net set.
Hall, M. E. Roger Williams. Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Life of the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke. By S. Gwynn. Completed and edited by G. M. Tuckwell. 2 vols. Macmillan. $10.50 net.
Matthews, B. These Many Years. Scribner. $3 net.
Moran, T. F. American Presidents. Crowell. 75 cents net.
Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society.
Rothschild, A. Honest Abe: A Study in Integrity. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Sanborn, H. J. Anne of Brittany. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $2 net.
Schierbrand, W., von. Austria-Hungary, the Polyglot Empire. Stokes. $3 net.
Willsie, H. Benefits Forgot: A Story of Lincoln and Mother Love. Stokes. 75 cents net.
Zahm, J. A. The Quest of El Dorado. Appleton. $1.50 net.

POETRY

Bradley, W. A. Old Christmas and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Lindsay, V. The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Powys, J. C. Mandragora. New York: G. A. Shaw.
Teasdale, S. Love Songs. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Wells, J. D. Rhymes of Our Home Folks. Harper. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE

Ethnological Series No. 11: Shells as Evidence of the Migrations of Early Culture. Longmans, Green.
Food for Working Women in Boston. Boston: Wright & Potter Printing Co.
Hollingworth, H. L., and Poffenberger, A. T., Jr. Applied Psychology. Appleton. $2.25 net.
Klein, J. J. Bookkeeping and Accounting: A Complete Course. Appleton.
Lowie, R. H. Culture and Ethnology. New York: Douglas C. McMurtie.
Osborn, H. F. The Origin and Evolution of Life. Scribner. $3 net.

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Summary of the News

THE outstanding and historic event of the past week was the announcement that Americans had fired the first shot at the Germans in France. Secretary Baker hinted early last week that our army was near action. Monday's announcement was briefly to the effect that American artillerymen, using one of the French 75s, had fired several shots at a German trench working party. The case of the first shell is in the possession of Gen. Sibert, and is to be forwarded to President Wilson. At present American batteries are vigorously shelling the Germans, who maintain a spirited reply. The first German prisoner taken by our troops was a dispatch-runner. He was badly wounded and subsequently died. He said that the German troops were ignorant of the presence of American troops opposite them, the officers having made no announcement of the landing of our army in France.

THE exact figures for the nation's subscription to the second Liberty Loan are not as yet available, Washington reporting that they will not be known until the end of this week. Treasury officials, computing from the returns now at hand, are confident that the five-billion mark will be reached. The banks are overwhelmed by the unprecedented business of the final days and great efforts are being made to have their reports ready by Thursday, the final day for bank returns.

THE decision of the Custodian of Enemy Property in this country to collect all debts owing to Americans by German subjects, which are said to amount to $200,000,000, and to sequester this amount with a view to investing it in Liberty bonds, was announced last week. A. Mitchell Palmer, the Custodian, arrived in New York from Washington, and duly qualified by depositing the necessary bond of $150,000 with the Secretary of the Treasury as required by the Government. All moneys so invested will be held until the end of the war, and will then be paid back to the enemy or disposed of as Congress shall direct.

FROM the European fronts varied news of great activity has marked the past week, and the success of the great drive begun by the German army under Gen. Mackensen, coöperating with the Austrians, against the Italian front on the Isonzo, is fully as depressing as the news of similar Russian defeats in the Dobrudja last year. The extent of the Italian losses is as yet unknown, but allowing for the German exaggerations, they are appalling. The drive was initiated with German thoroughness, enormous masses of guns and men being directed at a comparatively small sector, so that the Italians were outnumbered and forced to give way. The sector is the Flitsch Basin and Tolmino Valley. Since then Gorizia has fallen, and also Udine, the former Italian headquarters. An Allied conference in Paris has decided upon sending immediate help, and it is known that French and British elements were already engaged with the Italians, and shared in the defeat. Gen. Mackensen collected his men from the Russian front, where a Teutonic withdrawal has been reported, and where the German lines are now said to be very thinly held. Gen. Cadorna appears to have saved his army from a complete rout and is reported to be planning to make a stand at the Tagliamento River. At Allied headquarters there was confidence that Gen. Cadorna, whose retreating troops are conceded by the Germans to be fiercely contesting their advance, would definitely stop the enemy at this river. French newspapers were sanguine regarding the stand on the Tagliamento, stating that it might be turned into another Verdun for the Teutonic forces. Mackensen's strategy seems to be the driving of a wedge between the Italian armies of the Carso front and those in the mountains northwest of Udine.

MEANWHILE the Allied armies on the western front record uniform successes. Field-Marshal Haig and Gen. Pétain continue to advance along the Ypres sector. Pétain led the French to a victory on the Aisne front, sweeping in 12,000 prisoners and 120 guns. They now have Laon in sight, eight miles away, and face the Aisne Canal. The two villages of Pinon and Pargny-Filain, together with Pinon Forest, were captured. The Crown Prince retaliated by making another of his futile attacks at Verdun after a violent bombardment between Chaume Wood and Bezonvaux. The Belgian army has also shown activity this week, carrying out several successful raids north and south of Dixmude, while Belgian troops also collaborated in the recent attack by the French.

THE result of these efforts on the western front has led to the conviction that the Germans are on the eve of making another strategic retreat before the British and French wedges in the Flanders and Aisne sectors. Whether or not there is another line as powerfully constructed as the famous Hindenburg intrenchments, where they withdrew last year, is a matter of military doubt. The failure of the Hindenburg intrenchments to withstand the terrible artillery fire to which they were subjected by the British points to an expectation of some new method of meeting the irresistible and steady encroachments of Field-Marshal Haig's army.

THE recent threat of the German advance on Petrograd has been removed with news of a German withdrawal from the Werder sector of the Riga front. The aim of the Germans, according to Russian Headquarters, is to straighten their line for the winter campaign. As a result, the Government has changed its mind regarding a withdrawal of the capital to Moscow, though such a contingency has not been wholly removed. It is uncertain as yet to what extent the Germans have made their retreat coincide with the heavy demands they have made on the Russian lines for men and material since used in the spectacular drive under Mackensen on the Isonzo front. Russian forces have availed themselves of the retreat, and have occupied the abandoned sectors, while Russian Headquarters welcomes the winter as a period for reorganization. German naval forces continue to control the Baltic, and their mine-removing trawlers are still reported to be active in the Gulf of Finland. After a long silence aeroplane activity by the Russians is reported in the Dobrudja region. Lively artillery fire on both sides is the only sign of activity in the Balkans. Allied and Teutonic patrols are in continual contact along the lower Struma and at the Cerna bend.

THE election campaign for the New York Mayoralty has lifted itself out of the ruck of party personalities into a definite alignment along national and patriotic issues. Mayor Mitchel, the Fusion candidate, has consistently kept the national and patriotic issue in sight, and this insistence has now forced the Socialist candidate, Morris Hillquit, to declare himself. In the past week Fusion Headquarters has turned its attention from Tammany to the Socialists, who are reported to be making large gains on the East Side from both Tammany and Fusion. Last Sunday Mr. Hillquit followed his declaration that he had, unlike the other candidates, refused to buy a Liberty Bond, and thus support the prosecution of the war, with the statement that "A Socialist victory in the city election will be a clear mandate to our Government to open immediate negotiations for peace." When taxed with not being an American and supporting the President, Mr. Hillquit responded to a heckler that he stands behind the President when he honestly believes the President is right, and only then. Meanwhile Col. Roosevelt has taken up the patriotic gage in behalf of Fusion, stating that "the man who votes against Mitchel will have the poor satisfaction of feeling that he has voted in a way that will give comfort to the Prussianized Germany that we are fighting at this moment." Col. Roosevelt stated that the Socialist candidate "stands as an aid to the Prussianized autocracy of the Hohenzollerns." He likewise attacked the Tammany candidate, Judge Hylan, as being the tool of "the shadow Huns," Murphy and Hearst. Judge Hylan has retorted along the same lines, defying the Colonel to question his personal loyalty and patriotism.

DR. GARFIELD, in announcing an elevation of the price of soft coal at most mines by the general sum of 45 cents a ton, admits that the purpose of the increase is to quiet the unrest of labor and "to secure an increased and uninterrupted production of coal." This follows an agreement between the operators and miners of the central fields, reached October 6, providing on the part of the former an increase in wages, and on the part of the latter that all miners shall work eight hours a day for at least five days a week, or be fined by deductions from their wages. This agreement between operators and miners will, subject to the next biennial convention of the United Mine Workers, be extended during the duration of the war and not exceed two years from April 1, 1918. Dr. Garfield professes entire confidence that the United Mine Workers will approve the agreement.

A MOVEMENT has begun in New York city to enlist every household through canvassers in support of a Food Conservation movement. Ten thousand canvassers began this week a house-to-house campaign armed with pledge cards, window cards bearing the insignia of the Hoover Administration, and kitchen cards. The houses of rich and poor are equally visited. The cards signed by housewives pledge them to support the Hoover Board, while those intended for the kitchen are explicit in their directions against waste.

ONCE more the German Emperor has had to seek a Chancellor. To this office he has appointed Count George F. von Hertling, the Bavarian Prime Minister. Former Chancellor Michaelis has been named Prime Minister of Prussia.

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